



"Gawd, Frank! A dancin' partner! Cantcha do nothin' else fer a livin'?"
"Nothing—er—genteel."

Heroes of the Week

S. PARKER GILBERT, Jr.—Who returned last week for a short holiday from his duties as Agent General for the Dawes Reparation Plan with the news that the Germans have not in the least allowed their victory in the Great War to go to their heads.



AUGUST HECKSCHER—Who wants to erect a war memorial in Central Park. We have thus far been able to recall the war quite well enough with a private system of mnemonics based on the Mr.-Sims-of-Seattle scheme.



OOM THE OMNIPOTENT—Who returned to the news with a wedding or something at the headquarters of his Love Cult at Nyack in which a forty-piece jazz band, thirty turkeys and undoubtedly a chicken or two figured. Oom has always been our favorite cult leader and we respectfully request him to have the reporters in offender.



MAGISTRATE JEAN H. NORRIS—Who suggests that juries be made up of six men and six women. Women have heretofore been obliged to sit in the public seats at all the most delicious trials and the acoustics in courtrooms is often abominable.



O. O. MCINTYRE—Who runs a column in the newspapers that stretches from here to San Francisco and back and who doesn't let this prevent him from having all his clothes made by Jeanne Lanvin, the famous Parisian couturière.



"Here you are. Happy New Year."

*"Same to you an' many of 'em, an' what the
hell kind of a tip do yuh call this?"*





THESE COLLEGE VACATION DAYS HAVE BEEN VIVIDLY REFLECTED IN
OUR GRILL ROOMS AT TEA TIME—SOME CLOSE-UPS (1 OF 5)



*Tea is included in the cover
charge—so why drink it?*

THESE COLLEGE VACATION DAYS HAVE BEEN VIVIDLY REFLECTED IN
OUR GRILL ROOMS AT TEA TIME—SOME CLOSE-UPS (2 OF 5)



*Fresh from the day's slumber,
the raccoon coat emerges
at 5 p.m.*

THESE COLLEGE VACATION DAYS HAVE BEEN VIVIDLY REFLECTED IN
OUR GRILL ROOMS AT TEA TIME—SOME CLOSE-UPS (3 OF 5)



*This young man made
the mistake of bringing a
popular girl—the stags
got her.*

THESE COLLEGE VACATION DAYS HAVE BEEN VIVIDLY REFLECTED IN
OUR GRILL ROOMS AT TEA TIME—SOME CLOSE-UPS (4 OF 5)



Charleston should begin at home.

THESE COLLEGE VACATION DAYS HAVE BEEN VIVIDLY REFLECTED IN
OUR GRILL ROOMS AT TEA TIME—SOME CLOSE-UPS (5 OF 5)



“Yoo-hoo! When did your school let out?”

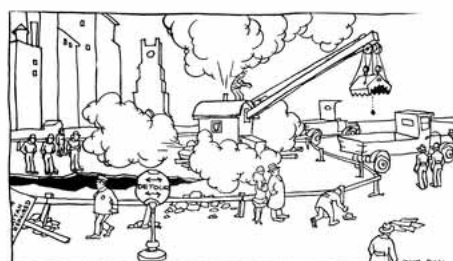
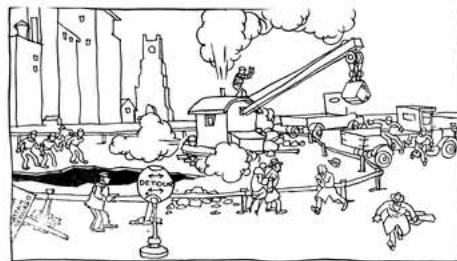
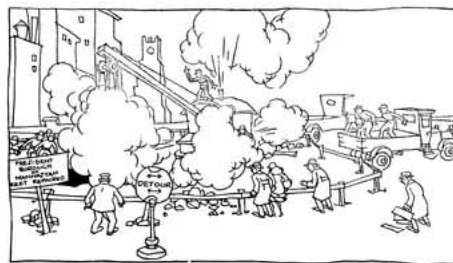
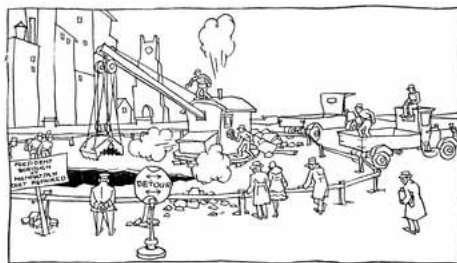




The Bowl of Roses

Helen E. Hokinson (1/2/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



Heroes of the Week



REMO BUFANO—Who is the creator and the master of the life-size marionettes which replaced the singers in "El Retablo de Mañana Pedro", given last week at the Town Hall under the auspices of the League of Composers. Signor Gatti-Casazza please note.



GEORGE V. McLAUGHLIN—Whose first statement as Police Commissioner set forth his resolution to close up the night clubs at three in the morning. This is the regulation new Police Commissioner's first statement, night clubs being infinitely less difficult to apprehend than the banditti.



TEX RICKARD—Who has floundered and frozen the fuses of his New Garden, reviving for New York the practically extinct game of hockey. A number of people have given up their Charleston lessons to cheer the claustic puck.



BRIGADIER GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER—Who has been told off to the Marines down Philadelphia way after a somewhat pug-eyed career as Director of Public Safety. America being rich in such characters, it is certain that his place will be taken in the news at once.



RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE—Who was asked to resign from the United Palestine Fund Appeal because he asserted that the teachings of Christ must be accepted by his flock. One greater than he was once asked to resign this life for the same reason.

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (1 OF 7)



The agony group.

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (2 OF 7)



*The die-hard who still
does her head in a scarf.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (3 OF 7)



*A gentleman who can
take it or leave it alone.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (4 OF 7)



*Still coming—still
unconvinced.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (5 OF 7)



The crow's nest.

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (6 OF 7)



*Late arrivals . . . almost five
minutes after eight . . .
dear, dear.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE
AN EVENING AT THE OPERA (7 OF 7)



*Low return on a \$17 investment:
"Oh! I'm so surprised, Benny,
I'm almost enjoying myself!"*

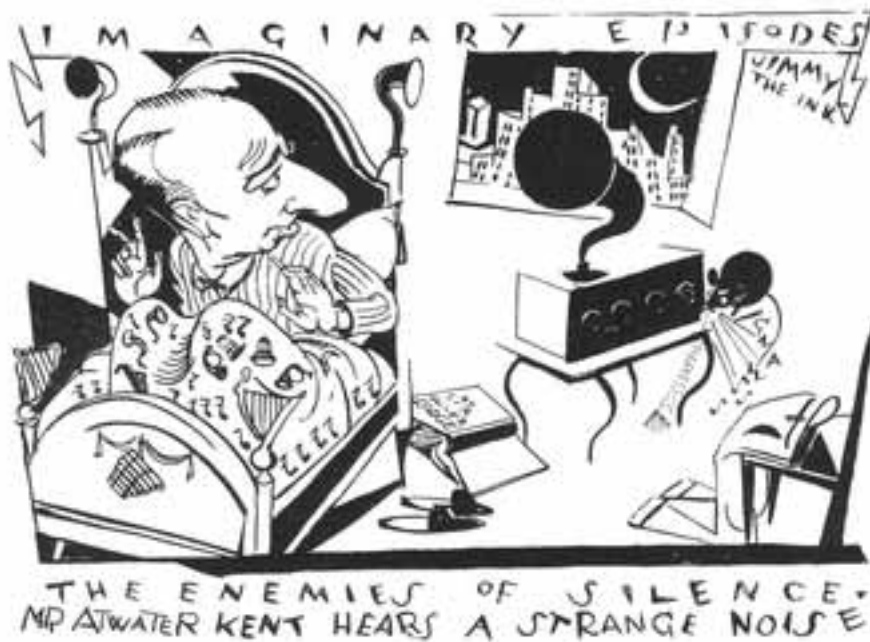


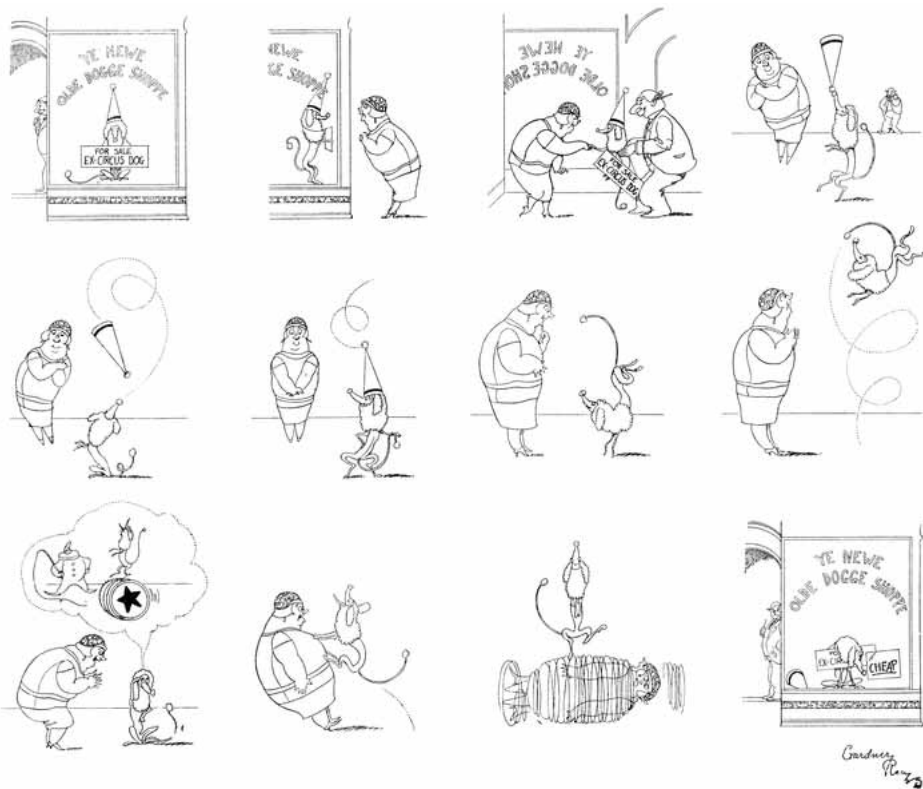


"Everything's closed!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Ridiculous! I have a good mind to go home!"





THE DOG THAT MADE TOO GOOD

Heroes of the Week



WILLIAM E. (PUSSYFOOT) JOHNSON—Who has, for years, been carrying the banner of American culture through the benighted countries of Europe and who has returned to the land of enlightenment with the astounding news that he is beginning to doubt the wisdom of the Volstead Act.



HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN—Who has been obliged to plead for endowments of \$10,000,000 for the American Museum of Natural History in a city which supports 10 dry agents, its bootleggers, its motion picture theatres and its useless poor in a manner to which they never dreamed of becoming accustomed.



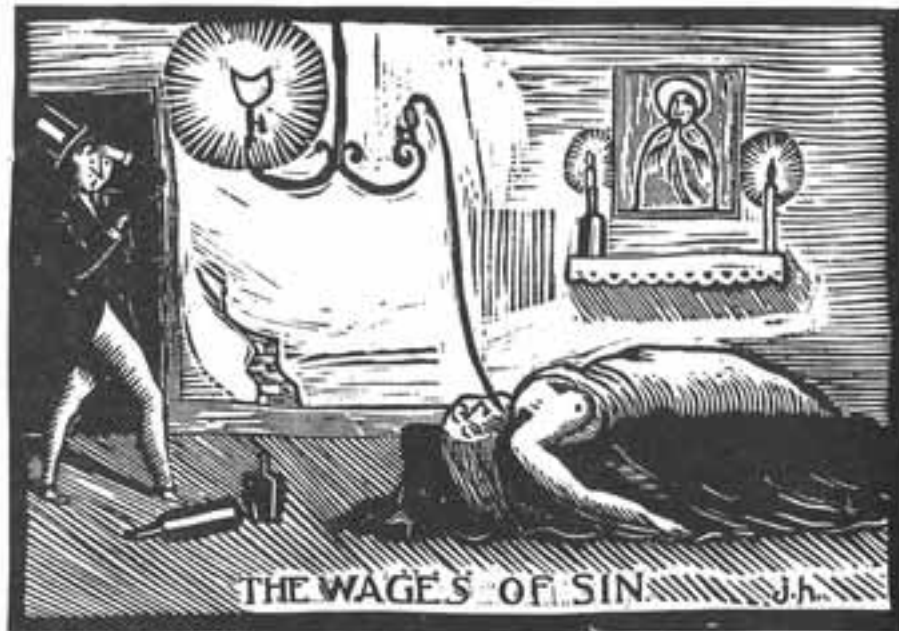
MR. IRVING BERLIN—Whose marriage to Miss Ellen Mackay last week crowded the popular science story off the front page of the New York Times for three successive days. This quiet elopement, in fact, established a new international record for newspaper linage and leaves the daily press with practically nothing to look forward to but the marriage of the Prince of Wales—if and when.



BROTHER HARRY L. BOWLBY—Who, as General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, takes turns with Dr. Straton and John S. Sumner in the comic sections of our daily journals and who waved the flag before the Sunrise Club last week amid appreciative groans and hoots.



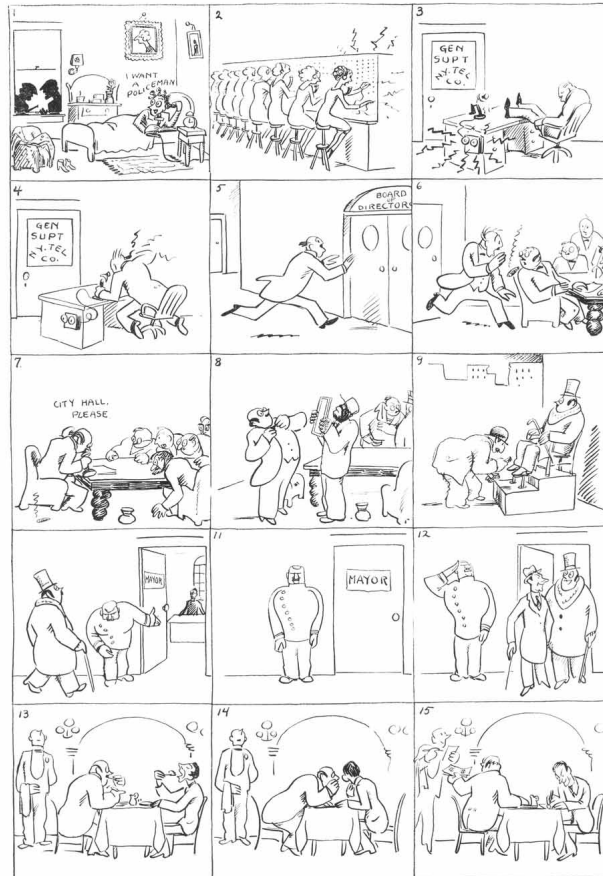
BERNARD FLOOD—Who has been attached to the District Attorney's office since the days of Jerome, who has met every celebrity from foreign parts at the dock since then with a flock of motorcycles, and who, to The New Yorker's dismay, has announced his intention of resigning from the force.





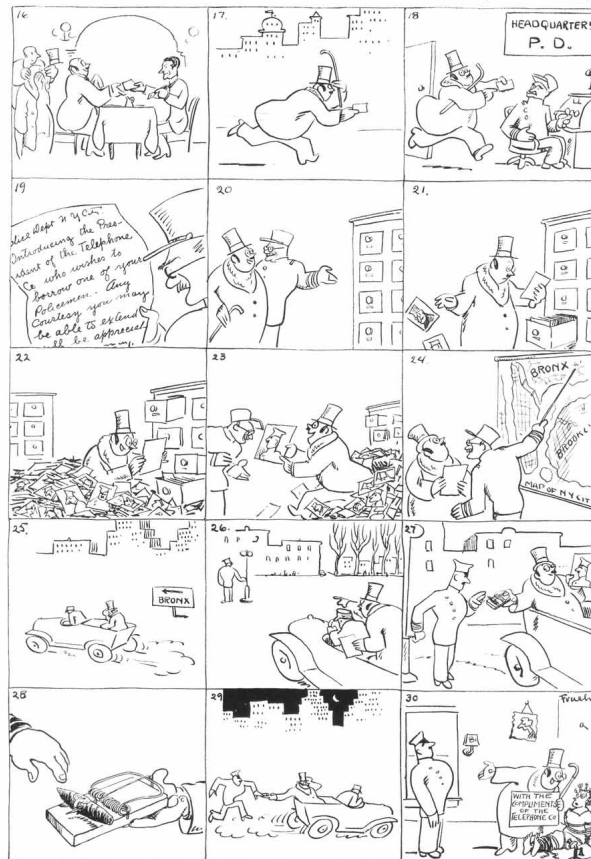
“I’m mad to go on the stage, Freddie, only it’s the funniest thing—I can’t remember lines.”

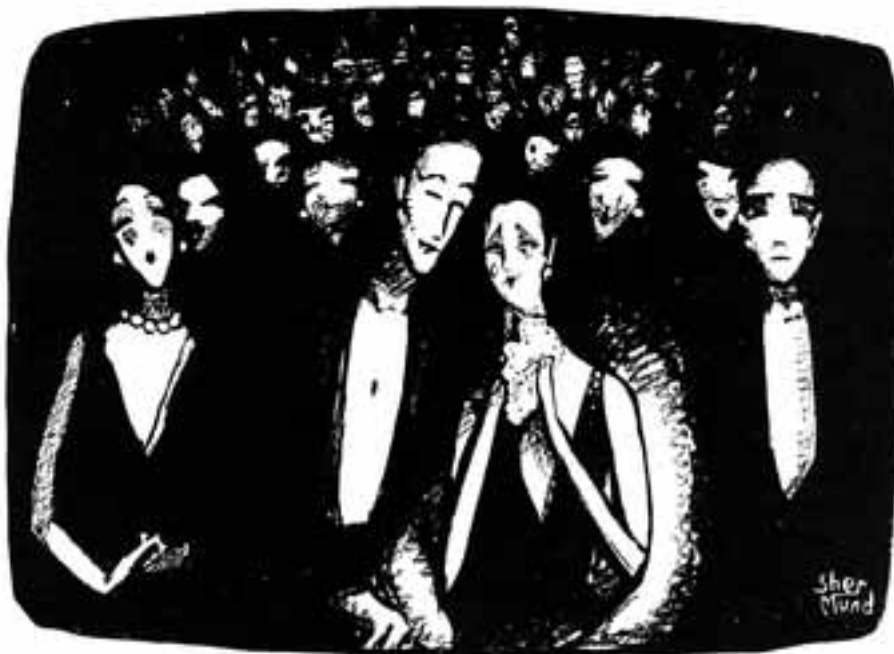
WHY THE TELEPHONE COMPANY DESERVES A RATE INCREASE (1 OF 2)



WHY THE TELEPHONE COMPANY DESERVES A RATE INCREASE (2 OF 2)

OUR ARTIST, MR. FRUEH, AFTER EXTENSIVE INVESTIGATION, HERE GRAPHICALLY DEPICTS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SUBSCRIBER LIFTS THE HOOK AND SAYS, "I WANT A POLICEMAN." THIS IS BUT ONE OF MANY INTRICATE AND DIFFICULT SERVICES OFFERED BY THAT BOON TO MANKIND, THE TELEPHONE.





"Having a good time?"

"Heavenly!"



*Climax of the slightly moving picture INFATUATION—
the Anti-Climax Immediately Follows.*



THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S RED AND GOLD BALL (1 OF 7)



THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S
RED AND GOLD BALL
(2 OF 7)



*Polly Potter, the winning
lady Charlestoneer*

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S
RED AND GOLD BALL
(3 OF 7)



*One Charleston Champion
worked hard for his title*

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S
RED AND GOLD BALL
(4 OF 7)



Programs

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S
RED AND GOLD BALL
(5 OF 7)



*Stuyvesant, the demon
balloon smasher*

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S
RED AND GOLD BALL
(6 OF 7)



*Miss Gertrude Lawrence judges the
waltzing contest which—*

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE'S
RED AND GOLD BALL
(7 OF 7)



—this couple did not win



Solving the Traffic Problem

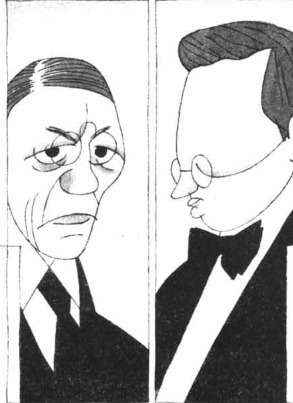


“Osbert, isn’t that what’s-his-name, the famous thingamabob?”

“I dunno—is it?”

Heroes of the Week

GENERAL LINCOLN C. ANDREWS—Who got no reception on his recent visit to New York although he is falling down most satisfactorily on his job as chief of the national prohibition forces.



DR. E. E. FREE—Who, with the aid of an audiometer, found that the noisiest locality in New York is at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, our regular salman being ill on the day that Dr. Free made the tests.



WILLIAM MULDOON—Who, as iron duke of the Boxing Commission, has banned smoking in Tex Rickard's new Garden, although the building is fireproof and the fans seem to like an occasional cigarette. Mr. Muldoon is obviously coaching himself for a seat in the Senate.



GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH—Who has announced his intention of retiring from politics at the end of his term and who will, if he does, leave a hole in politics that will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.



EDWIN CORNING—Who is the new chairman of the Democratic State Committee. This New Yorker offers a framed photograph of Kaiser Wilhelm to any citizen of a republic who can tell in less than 1,000 words exactly what the chairman of a Democratic State Committee is and does.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN A TWOTIME
MAN? SAID BRIGHAM YOUNG



DELMONICO'S



Pick out the professional in the audience.



SOLVING THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

PORTRAITS FROM THE POETRY SOCIETY—
—BY ONE WHO SHOULD NOT HAVE
BEEN THERE (1 OF 2)



*The poems submitted
for the evening's
discussion are usually
read through the
jewelled lorgnette of
one of the members.*



*After all, what is so lovely as verse—
especially if it is about daffodils?*

PORTRAITS FROM THE POETRY SOCIETY— —BY ONE WHO SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN THERE (2 OF 2)



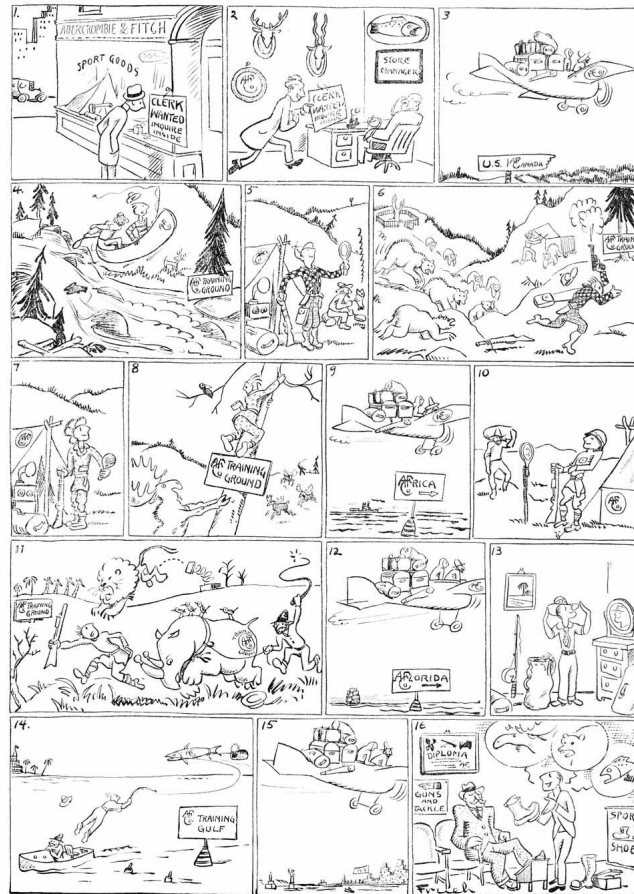
*I object to that
line. Trees do not
laugh
derisively—it's
absurd!—*

*—which is all
that is needed for
a young poet to
remove the
corncob pipe from
his mouth and
declare the line to
be the best.*

*There are dozens of
these at the meeting.*

*Quiet souls who rush
to read their poetry
in peace retire to a
far corner of an
adjoining room.*

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH BREAK IN A NEW CLERK





*“This is not the cheapest kind. There is one that
sells for eighty dollars less.”*

“Good Gracious! Has it spikes on the seats?”



PALM BEACH
BY A NEWSPAPER READER

Julian de Miskey (1/30/1926)

[Return to Main Menu ►](#)



“Don’t cry, baby. You won a prize!”

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

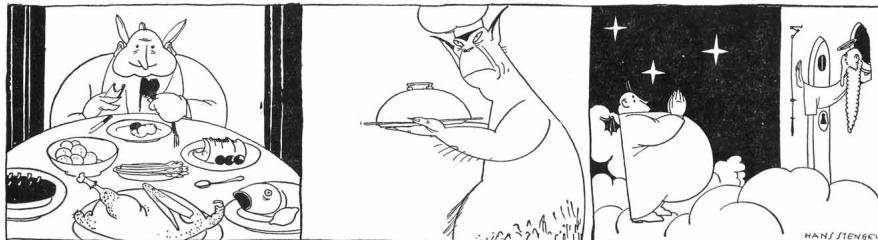
"Scientist says over-eating gravest danger to nation."—*Daily Newspaper.*



O, WITH the sombre veils of mourning
ing
bedrape thy head, O muse of mine.
For waxen lilies are adorning
Mister Isaac Rubinstine.

Ye gluttons harken to this preachment,
this sermon I'm about to launch,
for I will hurl a solemn peachment
against ye of the greedy paunch.

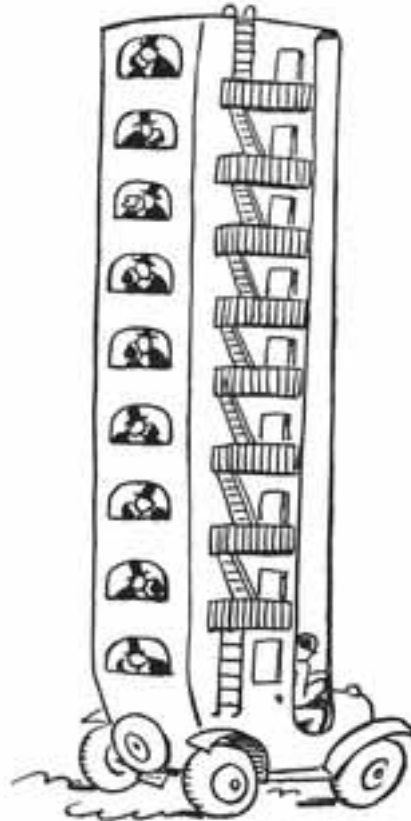
With pond'rous pace this godless belly
rolled to the boards, where spicy food,
fish, meats, and fowl with current jelly
increased his fleshly magnitude,



Food should be eaten to enable
a man to keep his body whole.
The sinner turns his dinner-table
into a shambles for his soul.

A mind, serene for contemplation,
dwells not within a feaster's hulk.
'Tis in a chef's most prized creation
that Satan's servile tempters skulk.

Now he is dead. Let us with pity
take warning from this mortal's fate.
Friends, heed the moral of this ditty:
The fat pass not through Peter's gate.
—HANS STENGEL



SOLVING THE TRAFFIC
PROBLEM



THE BEAUX ARTS BALL

—which, in the atmosphere of Versailles, restored for a night Seventeenth Century gallantry and encouraged Twentieth Century French.



... "I guess, Mr. Martin, you were a pretty gay dog yourself, if the truth should seep out. Three hearts." ...



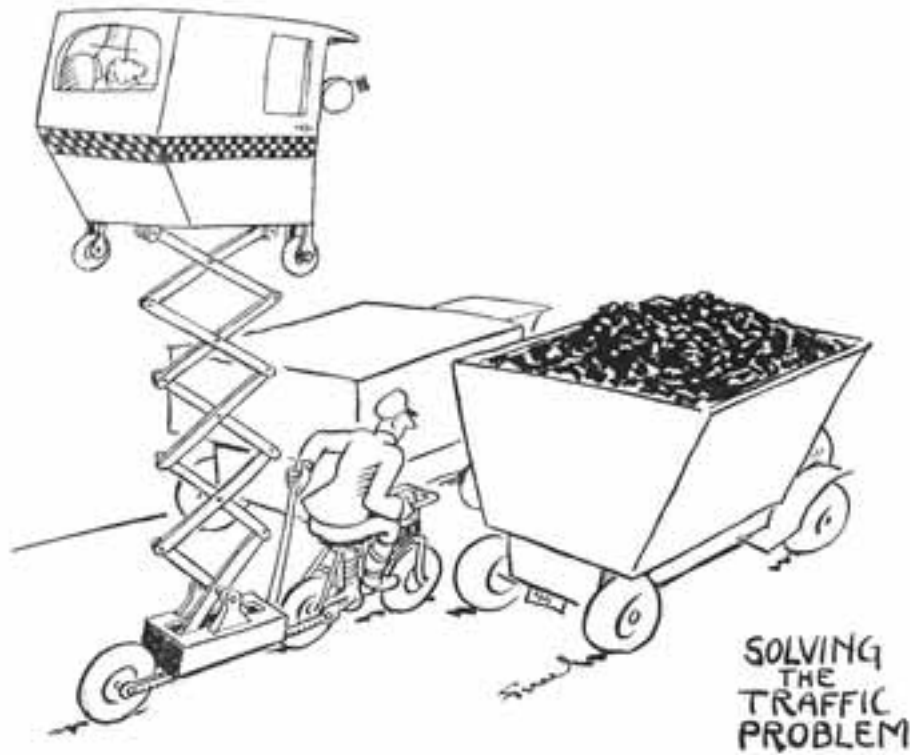


SOFT COAL DAYS



"Lend me five, will you. I've got to take that actress home."
"Gad! Here's ten. She created a perfect illusion. I didn't think she had a home!"





Heroes of the Week



THE REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—Who, by way of applying the pulpit to Christianity, answers any and all questions, over the radio and through the *Herald Tribune*, with an assurance that would shame The Master, Himself.



AMBROSE ROSS—Who, by hard work and perseverance, rose from a humble station to be acclaimed by the press of the country one of our eminent murderers, a model and an inspiration to the young.



REPRESENTATIVE MARY NORTON, of New Jersey—Who refrains from bobbing her hair on the ground that it would not be dignified for a Member of Congress to do so. Mrs. Norton has not been in Washington long enough to have had a good look around.



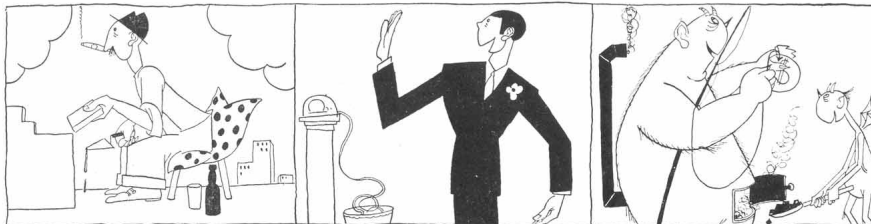
HILDA STONE—Who has done her bit for woman's place in the arts and sciences by piloting a rum-running automobile from the Canadian border to the Back Bay district of Boston.



THE REV. DR. JAMES EMPRINGHAM—Who, though he proudly boasts that he has been a prohibitionist since birth, has come around to the side of temperance after a tour of the country under the Volstead regime.

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

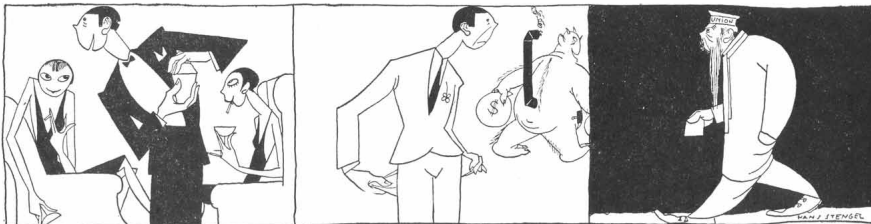
"Messenger Boy Once Wealthy Broker."—*Daily Newspaper.*



THOUGH the mason at the labors he performs for scant reward, has the deep respect of neighbors whom all honest men applaud.

Not so Mister Mike O'Hara, Lady Luck's ungrateful pet. He despises the tiara formed of pearls of honest sweat.

While this sluggard reads the ticker good men read the Holy Book. (Hark, I hear the Devil snicker as he baits his trusty hook.)



For a while he lives in splendor midst the wicked demimondes—trollops, who surround the vendor of assorted stocks and bonds.

Yet, my friends, no one is able to defy the Evil One. All at once he turns the table and your glitt'ring stake is gone.

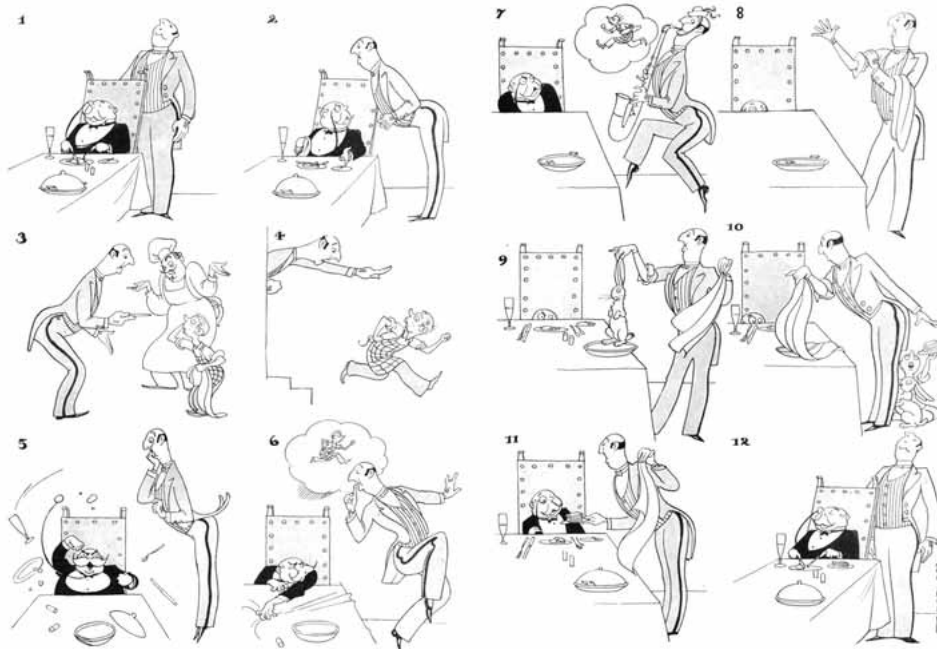
Mike, because he held communion with the men who worship gold, now is boy for Western Union rushing through the bitter cold.

—HANS STENGEL



ROLLING YE LOG AT YE COFFEE HOUSE CLUB
ENGRAVED IN GOOD FUN BY JOHN HELD JR A.D 1926

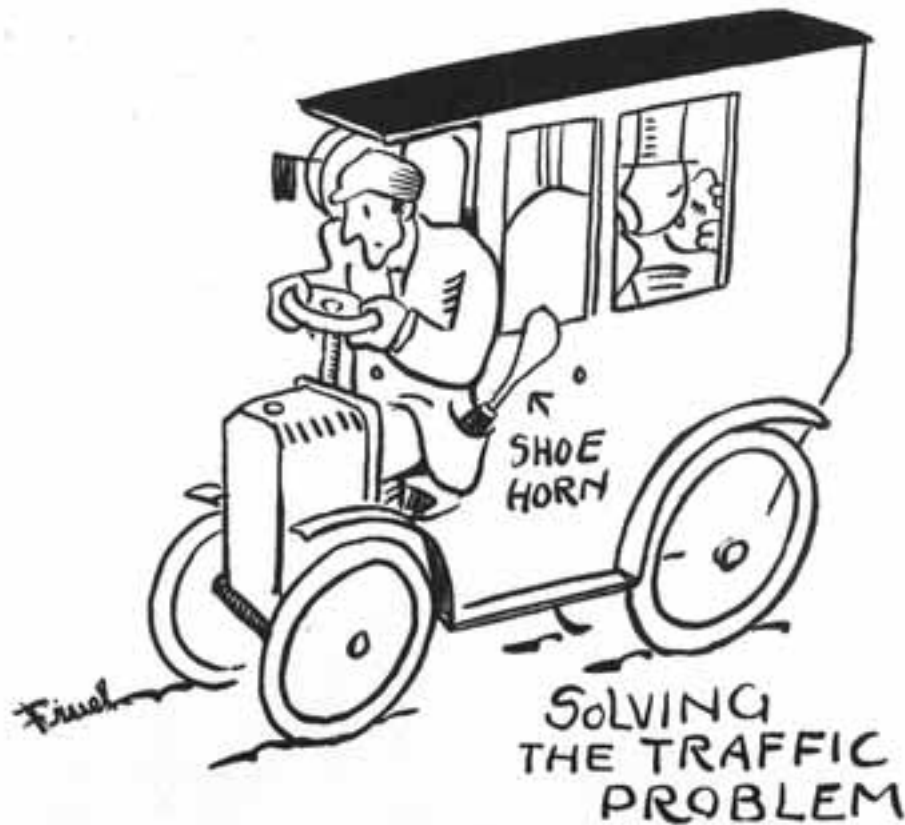
THE DUKE OF WORCESTERSHIRE, THE FORGOTTEN BREAD, AND THE RESOURCEFUL BUTLER





“Well, did you like him?”

“Hell, no! He thought I was one of these home girls.”



THE DOG SHOW (1 OF 2)



A Setter, so called by virtue of his deportment—and living up to it.



Butama Queenie, the Mexican hairless, who weighs two pounds, not counting sweater.



Noblesse oblige—hence the best company holds wire haired Pinschers in short leash.

THE DOG SHOW (2 OF 2)



The Rivals.



*Only two of these in the show—
from the sidelines a suppressed
“Thank Heaven!”*



*Blue ribbon for most noise goes to
a Sealyham.*

Heroes of the Week



MARION TALLEY—Who drew two hundred admirers in a special train from her home town, Kansas City, for her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Rigoletto" this week.



ROBERT J. FLAHERTY—Whose new film, "Moose", is easily the finest thing that has happened in motion pictures since his "Nanook of the North" and is worth waiting through an entire Rialto Theatre program of tenets and lantern slides to see.



TEXAS GUINAN—Who is again being picked on by the police (who have, of course, cleaned up all the bandits in town) because she was caught with two hundred people in a night club big enough for seventy-five.



CAPTAIN FRIED—Who is the hero of the month's most spectacular rescue on that old dabble sea and who is being given the send-off he deserves on both sides of the Atlantic.



CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI—Who is looked upon with admiration and suspicion as one of the great masters of modern sculpture and who is at present violating and exhibiting in our midst.







THE RECENT SNOW STORM
AN IMPRESSION SET DOWN IMMEDIATELY
THEREAFTER BY OUR ARTIST, MR. IRVIN.

Rea Irvin (2/20/1926)

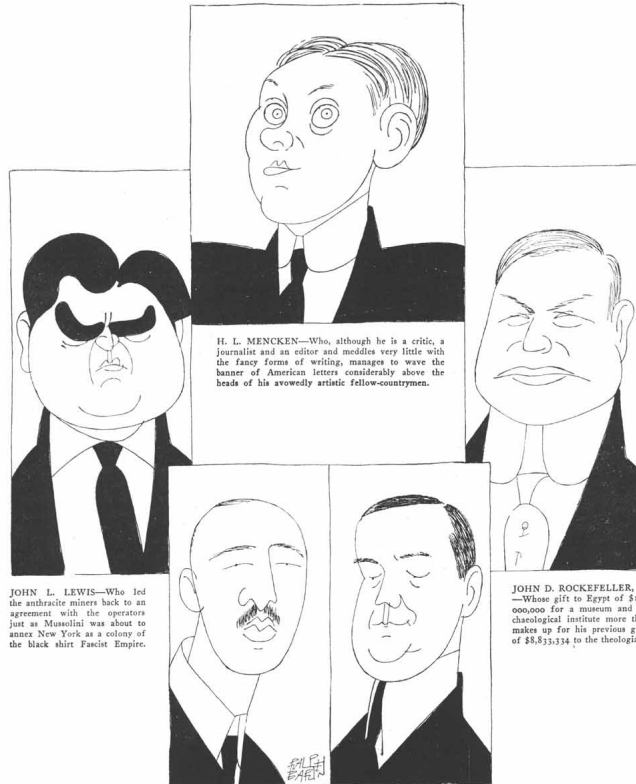
[Return to Main Menu ►](#)



Soft Coal Days



Heroes of the Week



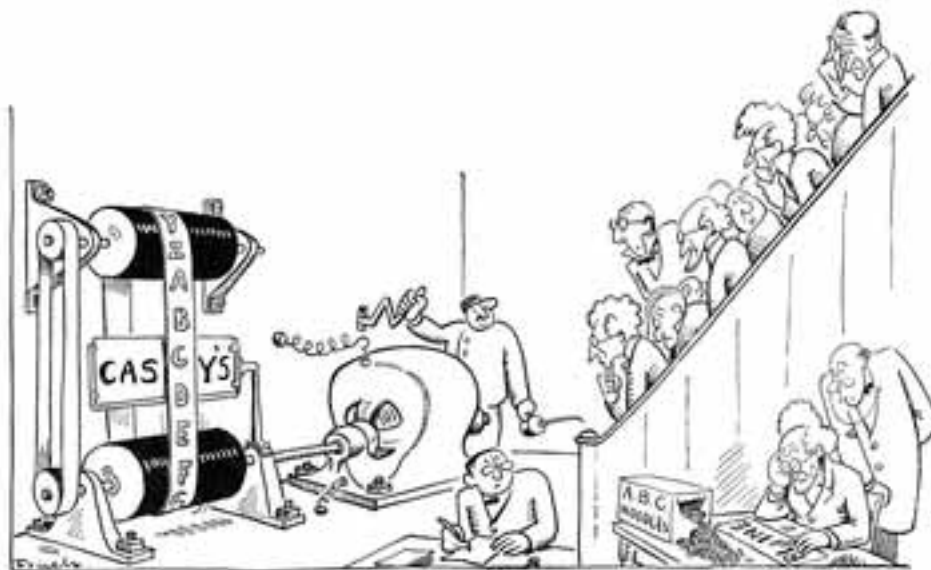
H. L. MENCKEN—Who, although he is a critic, a journalist and an editor and meddles very little with the fancy forms of writing, manages to wave the banner of American letters considerably above the heads of his avowedly artistic fellow-countrymen.

JOHN L. LEWIS—Who led the anthracite miners back to an agreement with the operators just as Mussolini was about to annex New York as a colony of the black shirt Fascist Empire.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.—Whose gift to Egypt of \$10,000,000 for a museum and archaeological institute more than makes up for his previous gifts of \$8,813,134 to the theologians.

IMMIGRATION COMMISSIONER HENRY H. CURRAN—Whose handling of the Countess Cathcart affair gave the civilized world the best laugh it has had at America's expense since the passing of the Volstead Act.

OLIVER MOROSCO—Whose recent bankruptcy divulged the fact that he owes Peggy Hopkins Joyce \$15,000, a state of affairs which THE NEW YORKER, after careful investigation, is prepared to announce as something like unique.

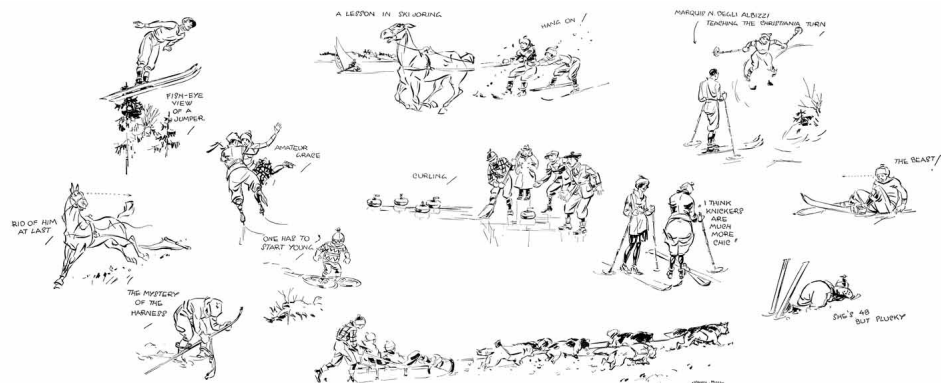


Experts in the Missing Letter Department at work



"Now we're leaving the river. Say, Bye, bye, Hudson River!"

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT LAKE PLACID







“There’s Bob.”

“Mmm. Someday he’ll make a good husband for a tired business woman.”

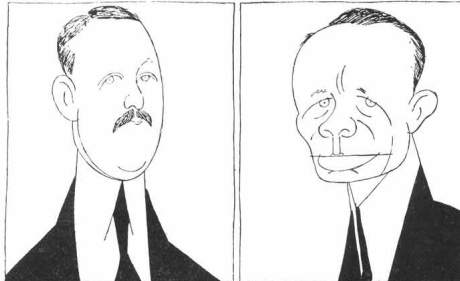




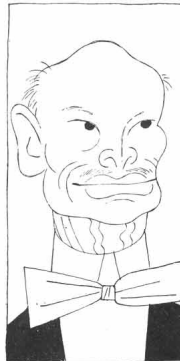
"What am I bid for this antique secretary?"



Heroes of the Week



THE ROOSEVELT BOYS: KERMIT AND THEODORE—Who returned this week from darkest Tibet with a load of ovis poli and other strange beasts which will undoubtedly furnish names for new cities in Florida.



JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY—Who began at the bottom, twenty-five years ago last week, with the United States Steel Corporation, and who, by thrift and hard work, has brought it to the place where it is said to be paying a profit.



EARL CARROLL—Who did his bit to rescue New York from the maddening whirl of the jazz age by staging a real, old-fashioned girl-in-a-bath-tub-of-wine party last week.



MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—Who, at the age of sixty-four, has made a second debut at the Metropolitan Opera which scored a triumph as great as that of Marion Talley with the added feature of a tear of joy from the eyes of Scotti.

THE LATEST THING
NUMEROLOGY GIVES WAY TO DANCING SCHOOLS (1 OF 5)



*One who did not deeply enjoy
being told, "Come on now—
Wake up there!"*

THE LATEST THING
NUMEROLOGY GIVES WAY TO DANCING SCHOOLS (2 OF 5)



CHORUS WORK: *Mrs. Van Dusen, the last in the row, says privately that it is doing wonders for her.*

THE LATEST THING
NUMEROLOGY GIVES WAY TO DANCING SCHOOLS (3 OF 5)



*“The Ballet—It’s the most
ridiculous sensation; and quite
easy, my dear.”*

THE LATEST THING
NUMEROLOGY GIVES WAY TO DANCING SCHOOLS (4 OF 5)



AFTER THE LESSON: *"He says we
should exercise in the open air and
breathe properly."*

"Well—let's go out to lunch."

THE LATEST THING
NUMEROLOGY GIVES WAY TO DANCING SCHOOLS (5 OF 5)



*“That’s a pretty good Charleston for
only one lesson, don’t you think?”*

*At home they use the bathtub instead
of the rail.*



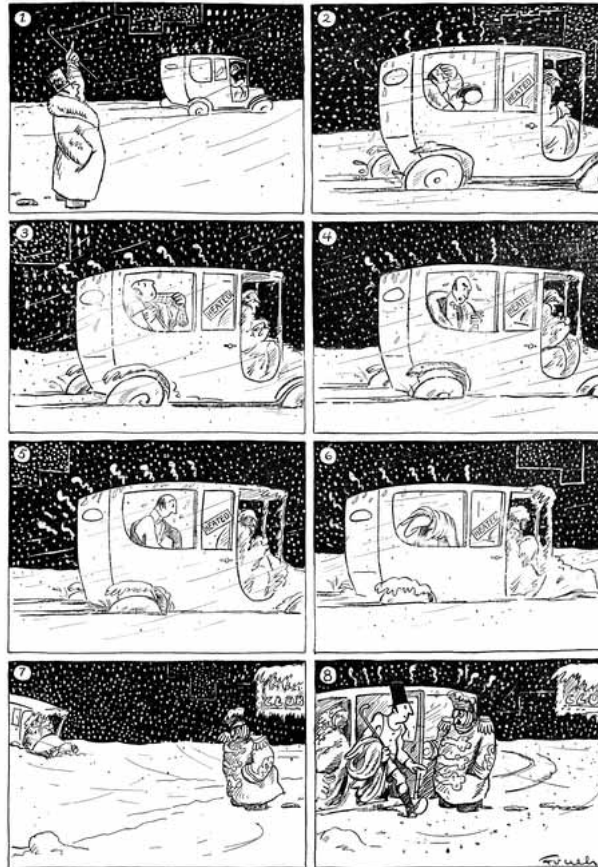
“Just ten dollars, Sanders? I’ll pay you back tomorrow.”

“Not another cent this month, miss! You’re over your allowance as it is—begging your pardon!”



"Hear you went to Florida again this winter, Reggie."

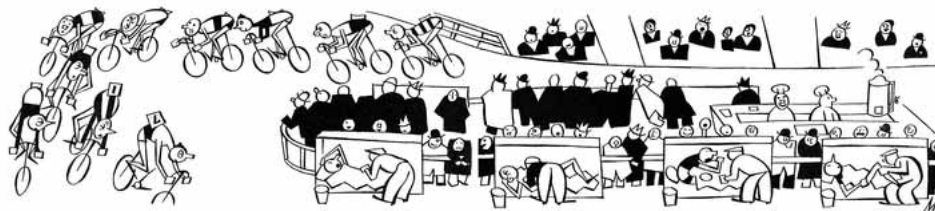
"Er—yes, can't be snobbish, y' know."



THE HEATED TAXI



"Waiter."



THE SIX DAY BICYCLE RACE— RETURNS TO THE GARDEN



THE NEW JAZZ—WHICH IS
JUST LIKE MUSIC

Ralph Barton (3/13/1926)

[Return to Main Menu ►](#)



*The Pageant at This Year's Fete Was Washington
Crossing the Delaware and Hudson*



THE DOORMAN WHO FORGOT THE NAME OF THE OLDEST MEMBER

Gluyas Williams (3/13/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►





*“My Gawd it’s cold, Chuck! Let’s go to a church
or a museum or something.”*





AT TIFFANY'S

"May I see your cheapest wrist watches?"

"These, madam, are our least expensive wrist watches."

AT THE FLOWER SHOW (1 OF 4)



*They have had two solid hours of perfect bliss smelling
each individual flower, and are still going strong.*

AT THE FLOWER SHOW (2 OF 4)



ARTISTIC PROBLEM: *"Lilies aren't a bit chic—wouldn't this look smarter if I put it over here?"*

AT THE FLOWER SHOW (3 OF 4)



“My! If I couldn’t grow better oleander than that . . .”

Words fail the critic from East Orange.

AT THE FLOWER SHOW (4 OF 4)



*Lawns will come untacked, just
when new plants are arriving.*

Heroes of the Week

COLONEL ALEXANDER WILLIAMS—Who invited his superior and successor, General Smedley D. Butler, to dinner and discovered what a charming gentleman an officer can be if he is also a Dry.



WILLIAM HANFORD EDWARDS—Best known of the country's many "Big Bills" and recently appointed president and czar of the American League of Professional Football Clubs, i. e., Red Grange.



MICHAEL STRANGE—Who lends herself, pen and person, to the drama this week in Strindberg's "Easter", which she translated and is acting in.



RICHARD MORRIS HUNT—Who was taken down from the roof of the Vanderbilt house last week after 259,000,746,486 visitors had asked baffled New Yorkers who or what he was.



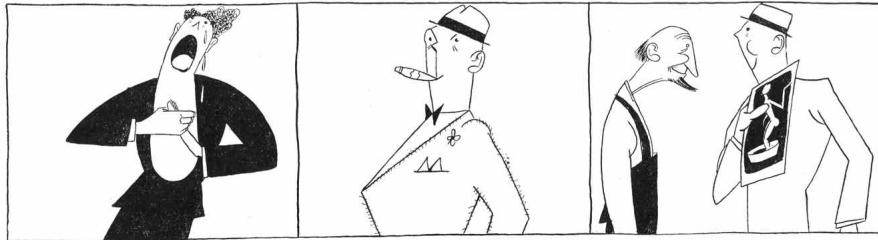
THEODORE DREISER—Whose "An American Tragedy", his first novel since "The Genius", is selling at a rate at which only cheap bad books used to sell in the bad old days.



“Do be just a lamb and run out to Bellini’s at the corner—”

OUR SERMONS ON SIN

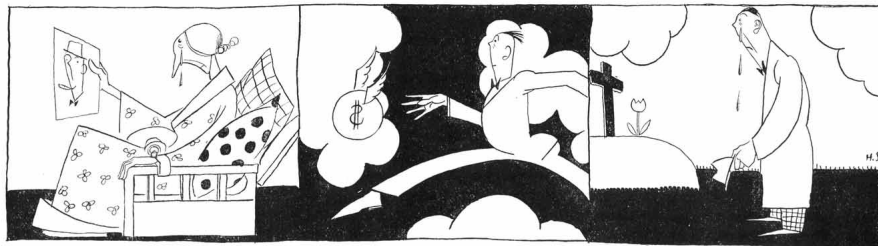
"Prodigal Son Returns Only to Find Tomb of Mother."—*Daily Newspaper.*



GOOD artists, skilled in hewing marble or mixing paint, like to create a mother's image. Tenors warble of mummies in their native state.

Would that I had a golden Lyre to sing all mummies ringing praise. However, Mister Maurice Myer chose other and less worthy ways.

While in her cottage, where gladiolas made sun-begotten colors dance, she wept, M. Myer sold Radiolas and sidelined wicked prints from France.



He did not know her life was fleeting, he never knew how mothers pine if they don't get a Christmas greeting or an artistic Valentine.

Too oft did he, who loved a shekel more than the one who gave him birth, ignore the warning Mene Tekel that Satan writes with evil mirth.

My friends, the end is sad and dreary. Behold the whims of cruel fate! When Myer, tired, sad, and weary longed for his mammy 'twas too late.

—HANS STENGEL



MORNING SERVICE AT BURNS BROS. COAL CO.
THE CHAPLAIN PRAYS FOR ONE MORE COLD WAVE





"Hm—the parties I used to crash there! Good fellows they was, when they had it."



“You brute; you never did a thing for me in your life!”

“What! Didn’t I change the part in my hair?”



“Quick, take off those things. Someone’s at the door and I wouldn’t have them find you that way for anything.”



PHARAOH (TO THE LORD HIGH SERENE PRESS-AGENT):
"And furthermore, if you don't put over this 'Moses-in-the-bulrush' story any better than you white-washed the pyramid scandal you may as well get in touch with a good embalmer!"



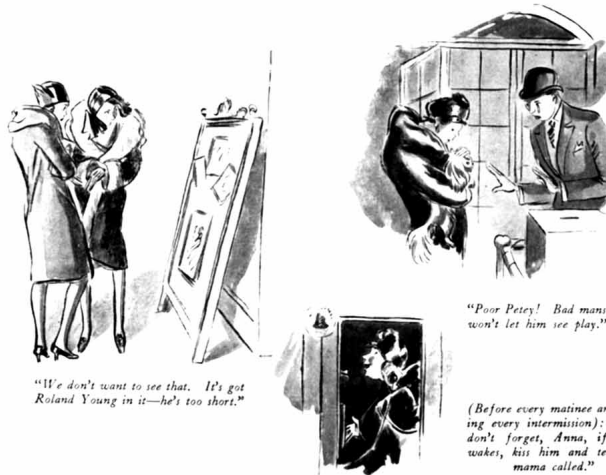
"Yes, I'm with the Guaranty Trust now."



Mrs. Forsythe-Smith enters the wrong Washington Square dwelling

LADIES OF THE AFTERNOON

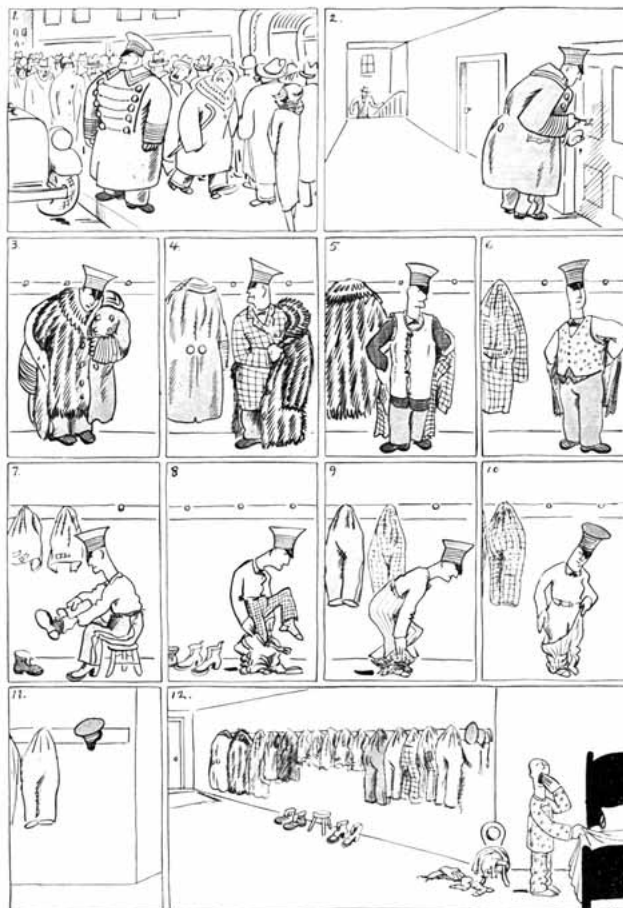
A FEMININE FORM OF LOBBYING IN AND ABOUT THE LOCAL THEATRES



"Young man, please give us a brief synopsis of the play. We want to be sure it is something we would like."



The Bathroom Baritone Gives a Recital



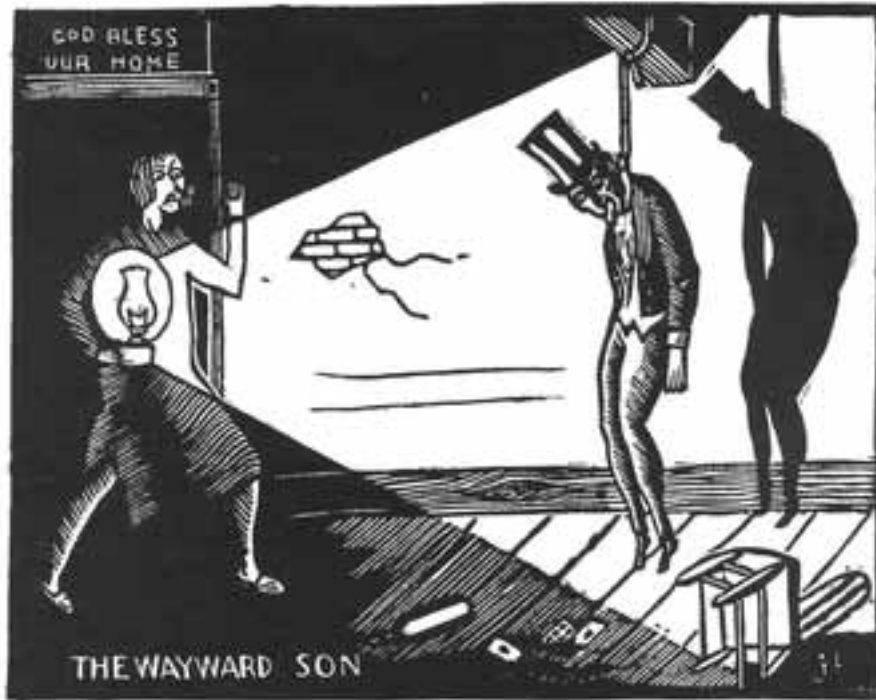
THE DOORMAN RETIRES

Alfred Fruh (3/27/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"You know, it don't seem right to take presents from a man you ain't engaged to. I guess I'm just an old fashioned girl."





"I beg your pardon, but is that Thirty-third Street?"

"No, that's my foot."



A member of the I-See-It-Like-That School of Modern Painters feeds his soul on a Manhattan roof.



“My dear! It’s egg plant! I simply loathe it, don’t you?”



*“Pardon me—would you mind smoothing
your hair down a bit?”*





“What, seventy-five cents for only two tulips! Are you sure they will last three weeks?”



THE SORT OF THING THAT BRINGS JOY
TO THE ASHMAN'S BLACK HEART
A WHOLE, NICE, NEW, BIG, TWENTY-STORY, CO-OPERATIVE
APARTMENT HOUSE TO WAKE UP AT SIX IN THE MORNING



“Naw, she didn’t gimme no tip—I guess I ain’t got any sex appeal.”



“Sure! He helps himself. But what can I do—ain’t he a police dog?”

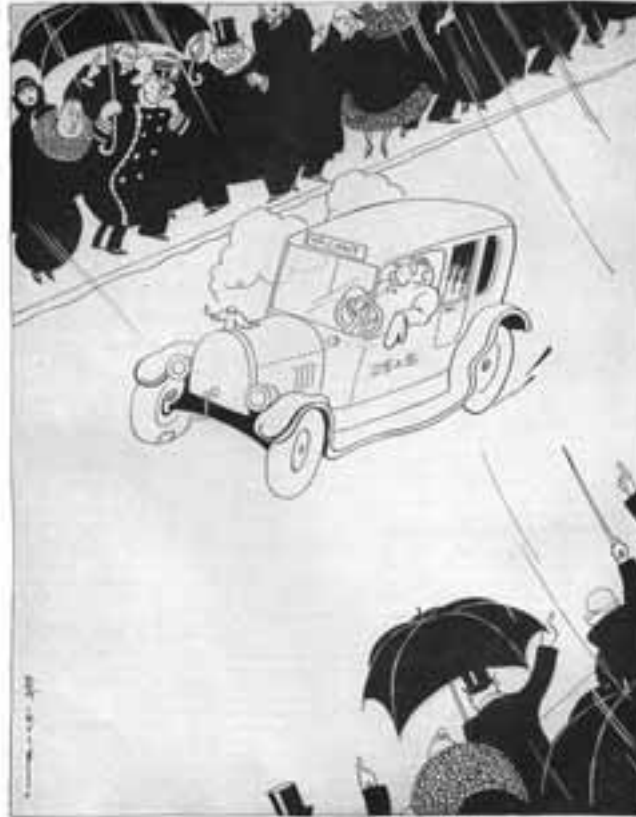


"There's a woman on whom I could easily spend my last cent."

"That's my wife."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry."

"That's all right, she didn't hear you."



GOOD FOR THAT INFERIORITY COMPLEX
THE DRIVER OF THE ONLY EMPTY CAB ON A RAINY
NIGHT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION

Rea Irvin (4/3/1926)

[Return to Main Menu ►](#)



DR CADMAN DEFENDING THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB
FROM THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS



"Listen, Judge, please send up some fellows convicted of arson—my cigarette lighter won't work."



"Huh! Well what do I mean to you, anyway?"

"Oh—just an experience."



SEEING AMERICA SECOND

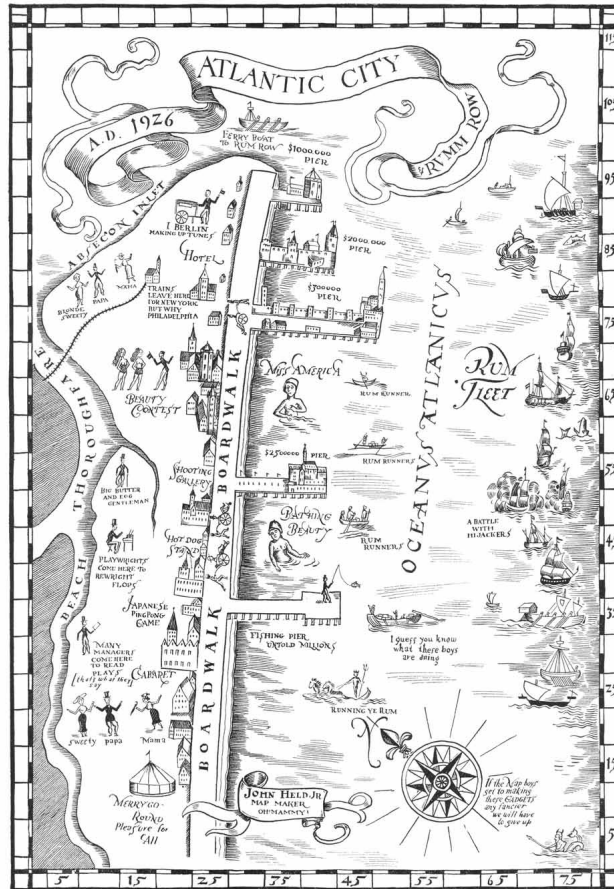
OUTSIDE THE METROPOLITAN

"Now Henry, we'll do just as we did in Europe. You go around the outside, and I'll do the inside, and we'll meet here in twenty minutes."



“Artistic, ain’t it?”

“Yeh—but it’s good.”



John Held, Jr. (4/10/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



... being impartial, they are your severest critics ...



"It ain't the beer I'm missing these days, Tom; it's the sentiments of spring with the tidy bock beer signs and the newly painted swinging doors. Them were the signs of spring."



"Sh-h! Dun't esk!"



OUR ADVANCE SHOWING OF LATE SPRING CARTOONS
 THE NEW YORKER is happy again to make its seasonal offering to
 the daily press. The above are only a few samples of the drawings
 which are available at our customary low rates.



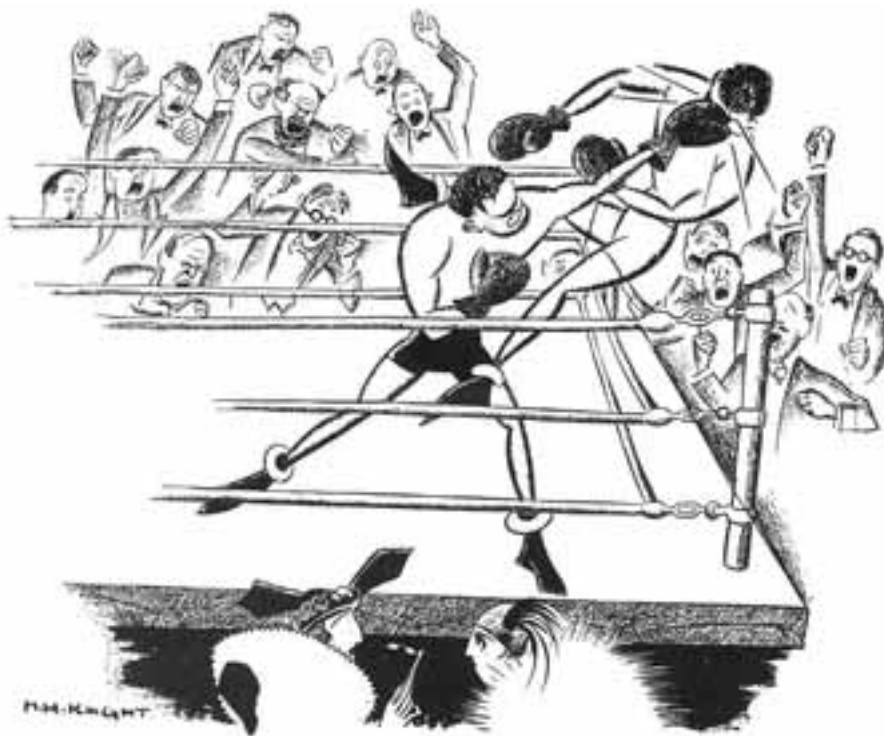




“The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra La”



The Movie Critic's Day Off



*"I saw her yesterday, and she's wearing
pale green stockings with violet shoes."*

"Fancy that!"



*Consoling vision of ye notorious H. L. Mencken as he
is led to ye Pillory by the good Rev. Chase of Boston
town for befouling the minds of our youths and
maidens with an article in his vile Journal.*



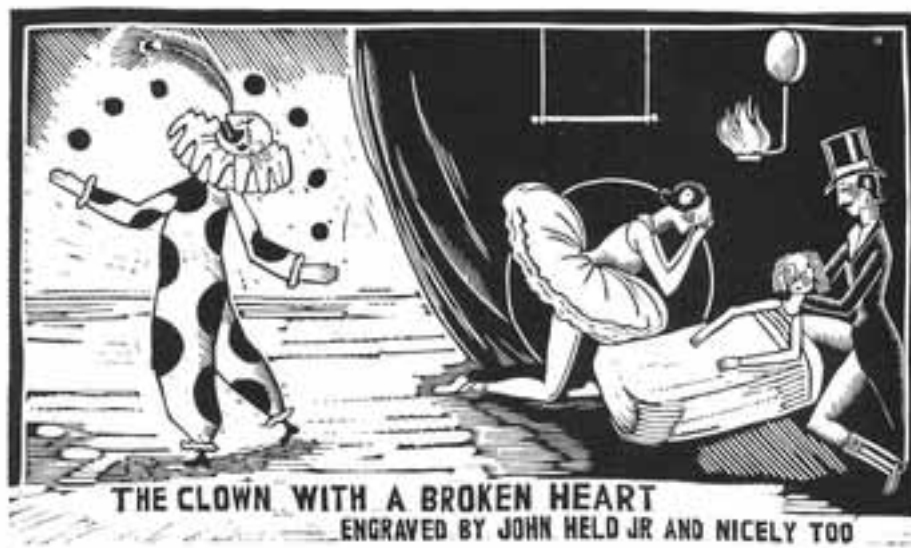
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



THE FIFTH AVENUE ASSOCIATION, ON A TOUR
OF INSPECTION, TAKES COGNIZANCE OF A
HAIR BRUSH LEFT ON A WINDOW LEDGE
BY A CARELESS DWELLER.



THE GENIAL HOST: *“Well, ol’ top, there’s the alcohol, citric acid, glycerine, oil of juniper, essence of orange, oil of coriander, distilled water, and an empty gin bottle. Mix it to suit yourself.”*





“MOTHER, DOROTHY AND I’VE DECIDED TO GO ON THE STAGE
THIS SUMMER. WE DON’T WANT TO GET IN A RUT.”



THE OPTIMIST
"Have you the Fork Rapid's Sentinel?"

E. McNerney (4/17/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



*“Huh! Last year we was Russians—This year
we’re Spanish—Next year we’ll probably be
ourselves, playin’ the sticks!”*



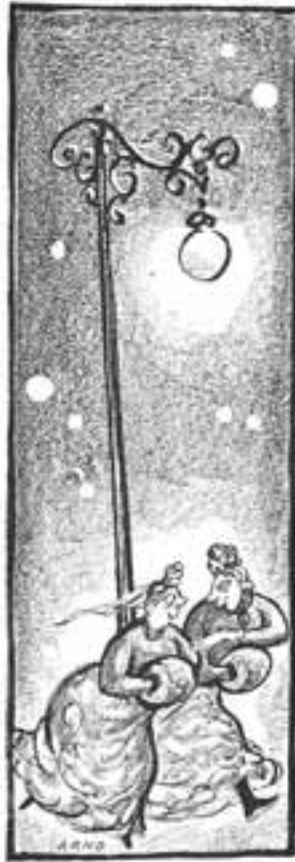
“Well! This is a surprise!”



TRAINING TWO-QUART CARRIER PELICANS FOR THE RUM-RUNNING TRADE

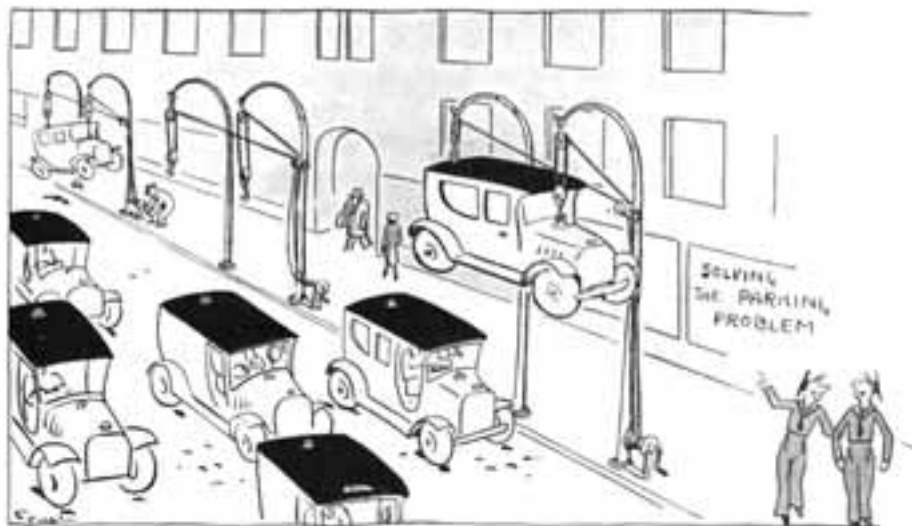


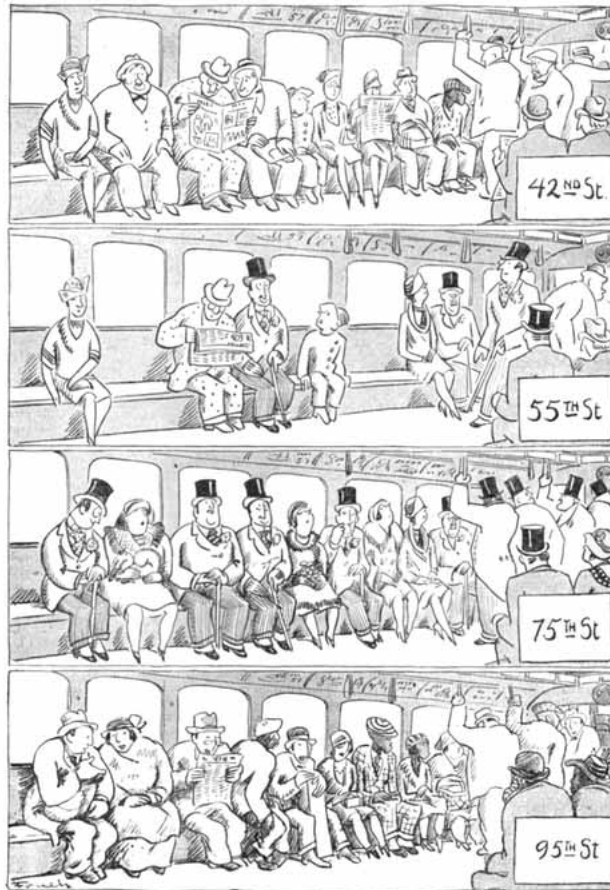
"My! But I got the spring fever awful bad today. I haven't even been able to think!"



“Tripe? Oh, I’m mad about tripe!”

“Me too. I always say I’d do almost anything fer a bit o’ tripe.”





THE MADISON AVENUE CAR

Alfred Frueh (4/24/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"I see that Prince Luis de Bourbon, brother of King Alfonso XIII of Spain, Royal Highness, world traveler, thoroughbred sportsman, distinguished social lion, smokes Melachrino cigarettes and likes them."

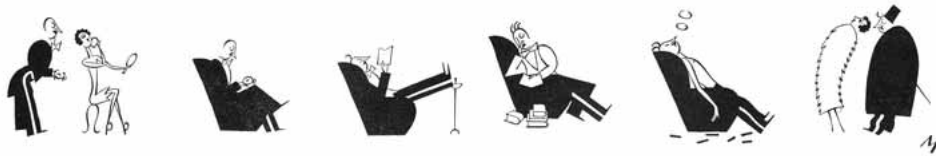
"Well, I'm just plain Tom Watson and a good cigar is enough for me."



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER



*"I'd love to buy this—but couldn't the artist change it?
My husband doesn't like codfish."*





"Could I just squeeze in, please?"







“COULDN’T YOU LET THAT SKIRT DOWN A LITTLE, MARY LOUISE? IT’S ONLY AN INCH BELOW YOUR GARTERS.”

“FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE, MOTHER! DO YOU WANT ME TO LOOK LIKE A MONK?”



"The man who married a dumb wife."



“Let’s stop and pick some blossoms.”

“Blossoms? We have blossoms!”



174



"You have the hand of an idealist."



“... and let me close this little radio talk by urging you once more never to expose the silk-like texture of the face to the injurious effects of soap and water.”

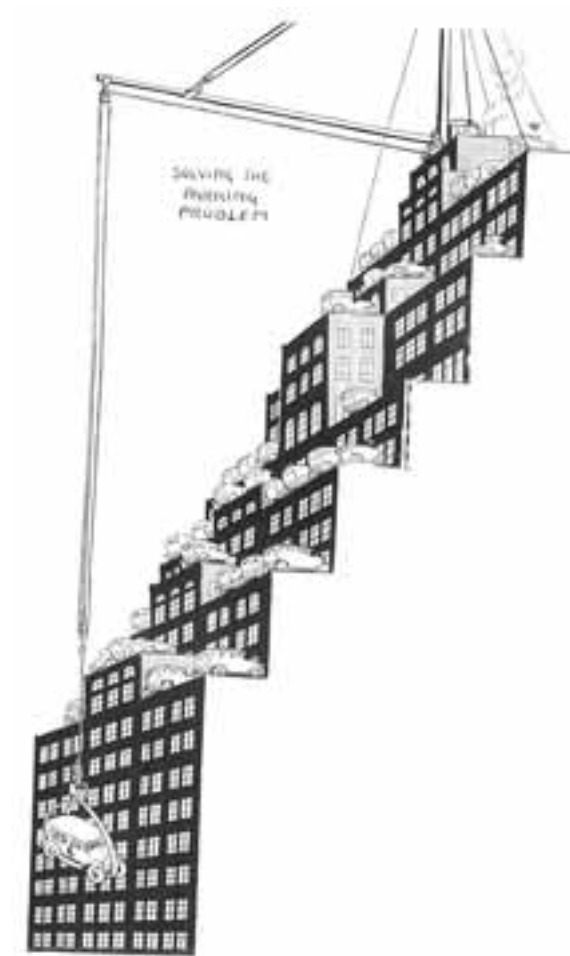


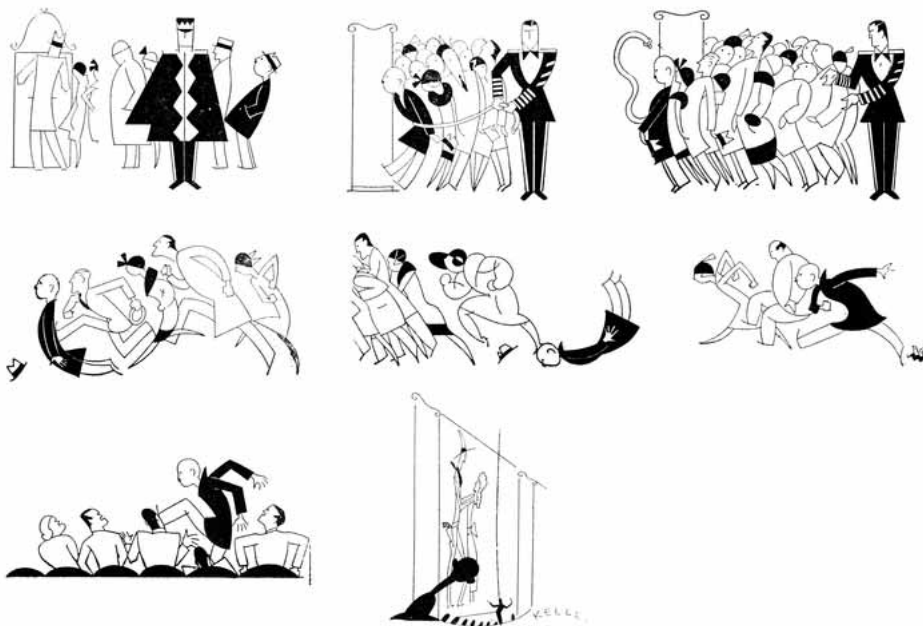
"I thought I'd DIE!"

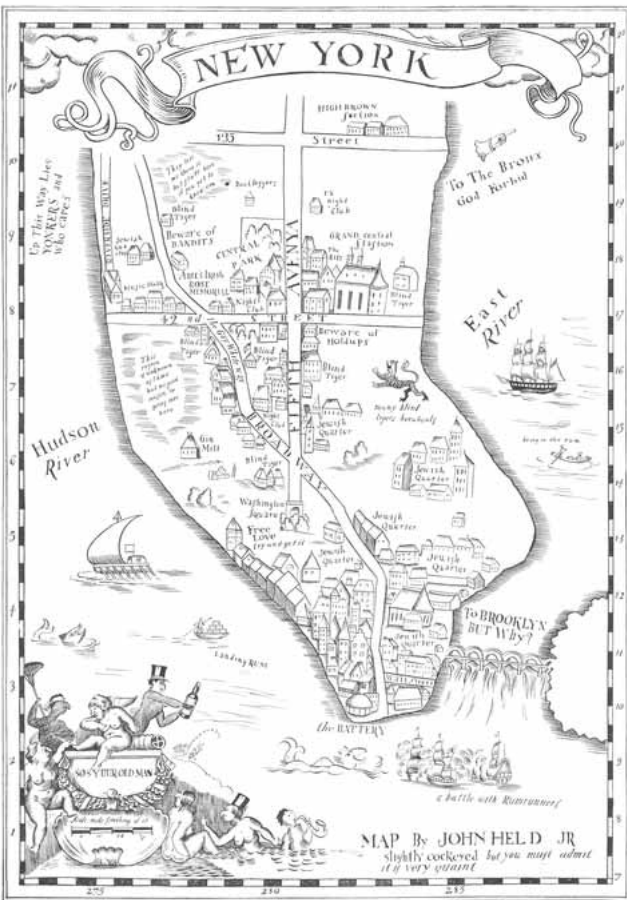
"Oh, Lordy!"

*"Yeh! She said go on an' dance with 'im,
and he looked at me an' he—whoops!—he
says y'aint paralyzed, are yuh! Me—paralyzed!
Whoops! I thought I'd DIE!"*









John Held, Jr. (5/8/1926)

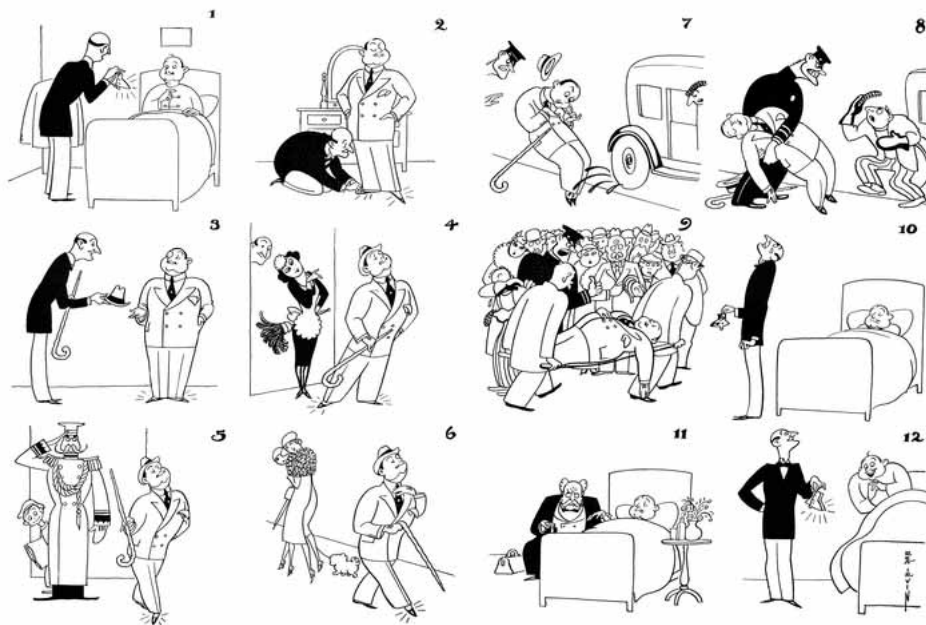


*“Ee-magine! Tellin’ me how she
holds her ’usband! Me—what’s held
’usband after ’usband without turnin’
a hair—Oop!”*

*“Whoops! That’s a pretty kettle
o’ fish—hic—um. . . .”*



“Who dealt?”



THE FIRST WHITE SPATS OF SPRING



“Why, whaddaya know! There he goes himself—an’ with his wife!”

“My Gawd! An’ me enjoyin’ his pitcher the way I did!”



“And mother’s mortgage falls due next Thursday.”

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
(I OF 5)



Willamette, the little 30,000 pound meteorite, is solid iron; absolutely no fake about it. If you don't believe it, feel of it.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
(2 OF 5)



For children of the intellectual type the museum holds particular interest.

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
(3 OF 5)



"How true it is, Brother—we are here today and gone tomorrow!"

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
(4 OF 5)



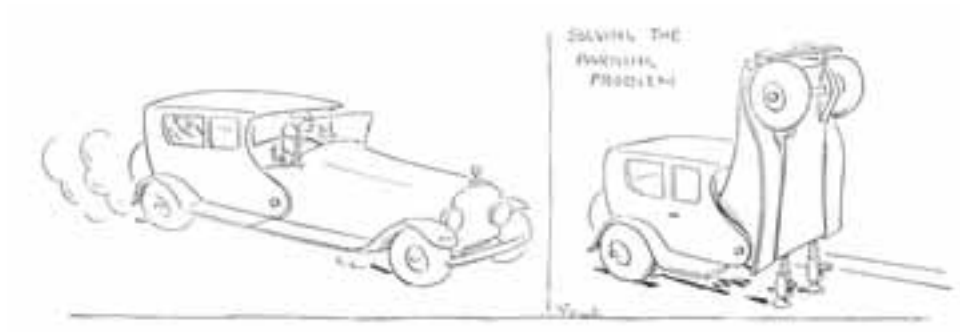
*You can take your girl to the Museum of Natural History, but you can't
make her look at things.*

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
(5 OF 5)



AFTERWARD: *"Hurry up, Ed, my legs are all in."*







Victor Bobritsky (5/15/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"Yeh, the air's grand."



THE DEMON DRIVER



SUBWAY TRACK WORKER: *"Spring! I
always did like spring."*



*“But, my dear, you should see Washington’s Headquarters!
You know, I believe that’s where all this Early
American craze got started.”*



BENVENUTO CELLINI: *"That will be all for today, darling. I'm tired of painting, and, besides, it's such a lovely day for a murder."*



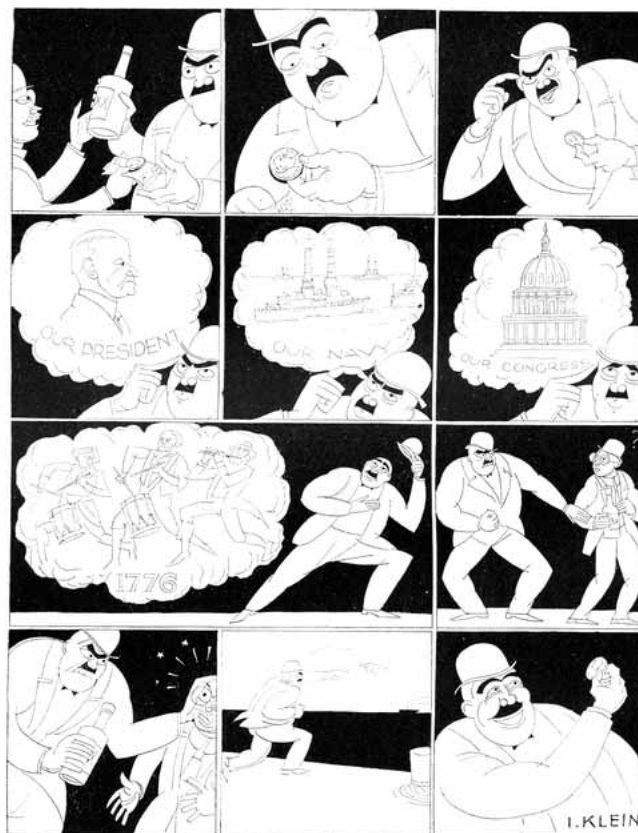
AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS



*“Mind yuh—he don’t even say
pleased t’ make yer acquaintance
er anything! Whoops! He jus’
looks down at me with them big
mousy eyes and says, ‘I’m partial
t’ blondes, so I am!’ Whoops! ‘Be
yuh indeed!’ says I. Whoops! An’ I
hadn’t even raised me veil yet!”*



“Now don’t peek!”



THE BOOTLEGGER'S REDEMPTION

(In recognition of the Sesquicentennial celebration, President Coolidge's profile is authorized as a design for memorial half-dollars—NEWS REPORT.)



HUSBAND (*entering Calais*): “*You keep these cigars for me.
Just tell them they’re for your own personal use.*”



“JUST TO THINK, MAME, IF WE’D ONLY KEPT
THAT APARTMENT UP THERE WE’D HAVE A
VIEW OF THE PARK NOW.”



"Of course, they all have a slight motion, madame."



IF LOOKS COULD KILL

Alfred Fruh (5/22/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



“How’d you like the show?”

“Well, it was sort of—sort of a—well, you know the sort of thing I mean.”



*“Whoops! She says: ‘I’m ’fraid
I can’t fit yuh in a misses’ size.
How ’bout a stylish stout?’”*

*“Whoops! Ain’t that rich! You
a stylish stout! Oh, Lordy!”*

*“Yeh, can y’imagine! I thought
I’d bust me stays!”*



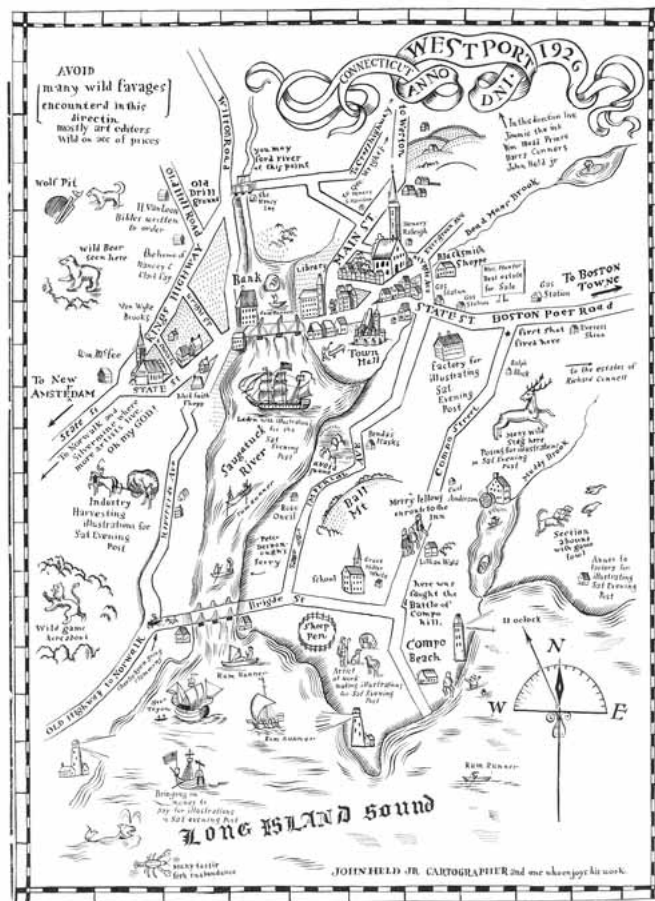
Considered well off



*“Well, of course, I do say I’ll never marry—though, somehow,
I’ve always wanted to be a widow.”*



*"I wonder how they both happened to be
buried in the same grave."*





"Ta ta, see you in Newport."



“Yes, say I, we must have military preparedness lest the New York Times seize Egypt and the Sargasso Sea and the North Pole with William Beebe as Governor and staff correspondent.”



*“Peacock Alley, they calls it—
Whoops!”*

*“Oh, Lordy! Fine feathers? Eh?
They should see my new guimpe!
Whoops!”*

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK (1 OF 6)



*Lovely rocks for those who wish they
was a little rock sittin' on a hill.*

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK (2 OF 6)



NURSE: *"My Gawd, baby, lookit!
Four Rerlls Rerces all together."*

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK (3 OF 6)



*For those sporty devils who must have their game of croquet,
there is a beautiful court in front of the carrousel.*

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK (4 OF 6)



INDIGNANT BOATMAN: *"Hey! Look where you're goin' there! Can't you see I got a lady with me?"*

THE LADY: *"Poke the fat-head with your oar, Tim."*

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK (5 OF 6)



*The carrousel provides thrills
for young gentlemen who enjoy
riding a spirited horse, but who
prefer their mother beside them
in case they fall off.*

SPRING IN CENTRAL PARK (6 OF 6)



*Those terrifying police dogs which a young lady is so likely
to meet in the wild northern part of the park.*



“Young lady, haven’t you a perfume with a more discreet name?”



"And I got a job already"

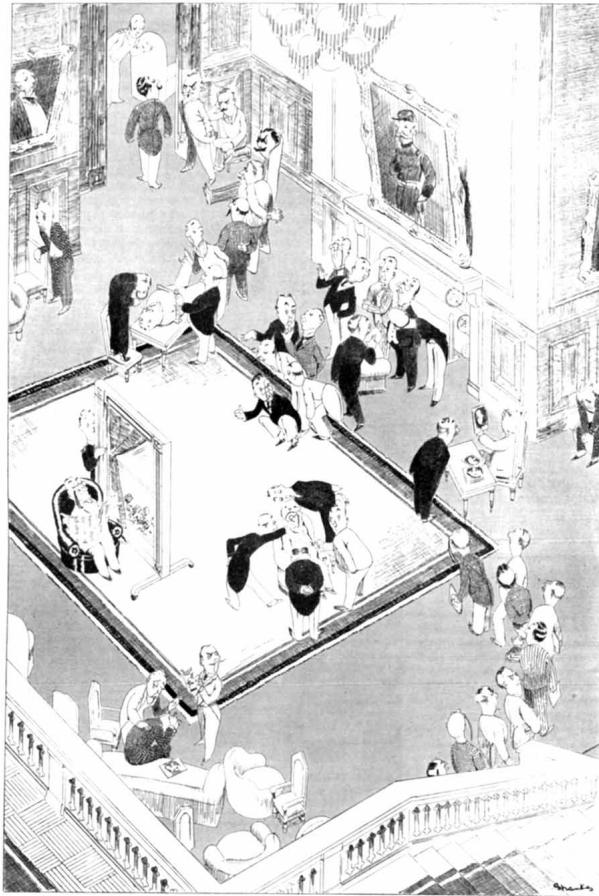
"Wonderful!"

"With dad."

"Oh!"



One of the neighbors drops in at the Neighborhood Playhouse.



THE HOUSE COMMITTEE OF ONE OF THE FIFTH AVENUE CLUBS
SELECTS ITS WINDOW DISPLAY FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.



"I hope we ain't intrudin'?"



ADVERTISING COPY WRITER (*reflectively*): “Grace, poise, charm, and—ah—floatability.”

DO YOU NEED A PASSPORT? TRY TO GET ONE.



1
The Start. First you find a friend who will never to anything, and take a subway to Brooklyn Green.



2
Sandwich boards direct you to the photographer (the "ten minutes" is a mistake).



3
You finally decide that Mr. Bomburg will do as well by you as any one else.



4
While your picture is being developed, you examine, with unking heart, samples of Mr. Bomburg's work hanging on the wall.



5
Next you go to the Custom House. Lovely stories of the spirit of patriotism are in front of it.



6
Inside, you inquire of the first man you see for a passport and he turns fiercely and grandly "for you an American citizen!"



7
Thrown into a panic by this unexpected question, you turn to Louise to find out if she thinks you are. "Yes—you fool," she replies.



8
It is useless to tell the Customs. Your friends got passports there. He says that you go to the Subterranean Building, the one that is all over it. Phantom Unions and Eagles.



9
To your surprise, the Custom House offers surety. A fearful lady hands you a passport to Hill out. Your wives amuse herself looking at the eagles.



10
The next two hours you spend trying to answer such questions as whether your face is asking or sound, and your wives amuse herself by making facious remarks.



11
Then a man with absolutely no sense of humor (or who is alone laughing at his own poker) makes you nervous to uphold the Constitution and defend the country from all enemies.



12
After all this, you think they will give you a passport—but they won't. They say they'll lend it. But you know how the mails are!



The Triumph of the Melting Pot



"A very brainy girl, that."

"Hm—But she's not a bad sort, really."



“Red-hot mamma”



“As I live and breathe, Harry, it is a skunk!”



"It dropped to the floor."



FIRST OLD YEGG: *"The trouble with the younger generation of crooks is that newspaper publicity is going to their heads."*



"H'm—probably a week-end guest who was overlooked."

"Yes, Bill, but which week-end?"



THE CADET WHO HAD DRIED APPLES AND WATER FOR LUNCH



The Lost Hat Check

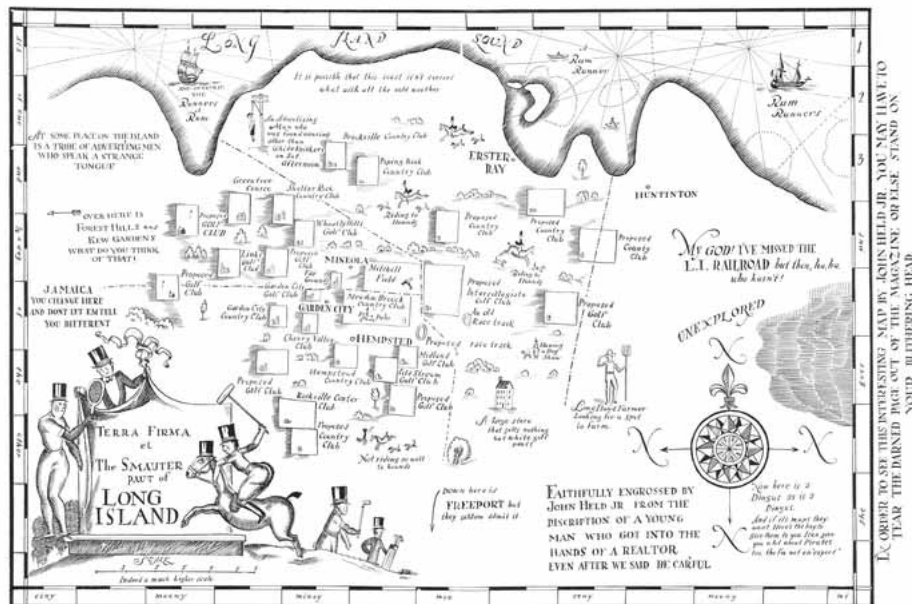
Alice Harvey (6/12/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



"Literary, my eye!—hic—"

"Whoops, watch the book!"





"But I don't like this boat; it only has one smokestack. I want one with three smokestacks."



"I'll just about die if I break another one of these old clubs."



The play jury instructs our District Attorney, Mr. Banton, as to the splitting of the hair between sacred and profane art.



THE HOUSEWRECKER DISCOVERS
HE HAS THE WRONG NUMBER.



"George, I was very naughty today. I ate a piece of bread."



“Dearie, hold on to yourself.”

“Whoops! I can’t!”



“CHEER UP, DEARIE, HERE COME THE BALLOONS.”



“Beautiful lavallière you are wearing, my dear. Those landscape tints do become you so.”

“Oh, yes. I prefer marines at times, but they are so large, and I detest heavy ornamentation.”



*"Say, lady, I'm so tired, if you was to ask me to a dance now,
I wouldn't go."*



“Ain’t Coney wunnaful?”

“Wunnaful? Whaddaya mean?”

“Oh, I dunno. Sort of—er—enervatin’.”

“Well, maybe, yeh—when you put it that way.”



*“Well—you have to look at it
through your eyelashes, silly. Then it
looks like something.”*



FIRST PROFESSOR:
*The Governor is going
to visit us. How shall
we show our gratitude?*

SECOND PROF.:
*Let's give him an
honorary degree.*



THIRD PROF.: *But he
has an honorary degree.*

ALL TOGETHER:
Oh, gosh!



The New Wing at the Metropolitan: To one individual it provides a new marble bench on which to sit and read the tabloids.



“Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful—”



ONE MOVIE MAGNATE: "LET'S CALL IT 'LOVE'S KISSES.'"



“And he said he couldn’t marry you if you drank? How intolerant!”
“Oh, it’s not a question of tolerance, but the dear boy is so frightfully poor.”



*“Lordy! Another one of these
sex pitchers!”*

*“Whoopsh! Ain’t we—hic—
in luck!”*



DIRECTOR LEONARDO DA VINCI (as the orchestra strikes up “Hearts and Flowers”): Now, Miss Lisa, that sacred and profane smile, if you please.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.



12.



"Toilers of the Sea"



A GUEST: *I always think there is something charmingly unconventional about a picnic—not having stuffed olives, for instance.*



THE GUIDE: *Now for some real sport!*



“What’s the idea, my dear Paphnutius, of raising a mustache at this time of your life?”

“The reason is, your Worship, that my friend William has gone a-touring Europe and my friend Joseph has gone a-tramping America, so the blood of adventure is astir in me, and I am gone a-raising a mustache.”



THE RUINED WEEK-END: *What! No archery butts?*



THE SOAP KING: *Momma, d'ye realize we ain't seen one of our billboards for a hundred miles? I guess I'll have to fire that new advertising feller.*



*"Hic—gets my dander up,
lettin' the poor little thing get
lost. Let's keep him ourselves."*

*"Sure, whadda we care about
the Mann Act? Whoops!"*



THE THIRD OF JULY

*A firecracker, exploding prematurely, finds
the Army and Navy Club unprepared.*



“Who was that gentleman I seen you with last night?”

“That was no gentleman, that was my wife.”



The Life Class



THE BORED LADY: *Oh, dear Heaven! Hand it here and I'll kiss it!*



THE FUNDAMENTALIST: *It's amazing what preposterous things people will believe.*



ITALIAN CUSTOMS OFFICIAL: *Have you any
uncomplimentary opinions about Mussolini to declare?*



*“Mother—I could murder that photographer—my
passport pictures look exactly like me.”*

CONEY ISLAND (I OF 4)



At the Photographer's

CONEY ISLAND (2 OF 4)



In the Museum. "Koo-koo," the woman-bird from Mexico

CONEY ISLAND (3 OF 4)



Two cottagers, both girls

CONEY ISLAND (4 OF 4)



The Entrance to the Museum



“Funny-looking boat lying out there.”

“You mean sitting.”

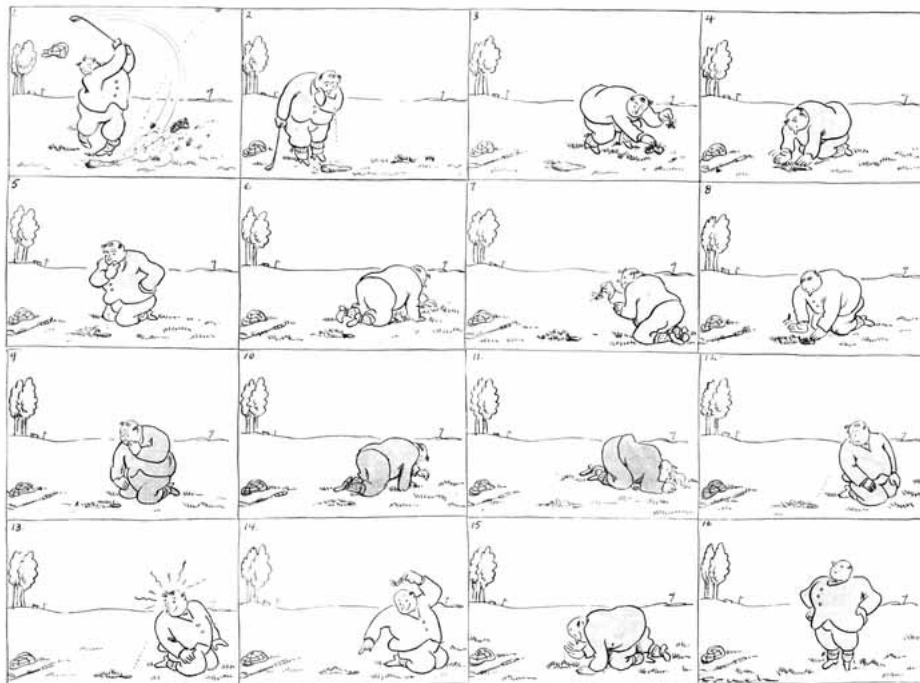


AMERICAN LADY: *Get right out of this bathroom!*
 FRENCH BATH STEWARD: *Mais, madame, tirer le bain soi-même, ce n'est pas comme il faut—pas chic, par exemple.*



*“There’s a lot of people down to the station waiting for
the train to New York.”*

“That so? Must be something going on down there.”



THE CONSCIENTIOUS GOLFER AND THE DIVOT



“Boning up in French for your stay in Paris?”
“No. The stupid clerk gave me a Spanish primer,
and I’ve decided to go to Barcelona.”



“The kids say, ‘Ma, kin we make mud pies?’ but of course I says ‘No,’ but it nearly busted my heart to say so. Just the same, what can I do? I can’t let ’em be so low and vulgar.”



"The nerve o' that feller!"

"Whoops!"



“Will some one please wait on Madam for a sport coat?”



TRIALS OF A STRIKEBREAKER

LADY: *"Are you sure you know how to run this train?"*

"Sure."

*"Then, will you please stop at my son's house on
Eleventh Street?"*



THE BIG PYTHON HAS A TOOTH FILLED



“Lordy, you heard me tellin’ him: ‘Subway strike or no subway strike, we put our nickels in an’ we’re gonna get our money’s worth if we have to walk it.’ Step along. It’s that cool, I feel like a zephyr—in a nice way, o’ course.”

“Whoops! Watch the third rail, or you’ll feel like a Bronx Express.”



“Now my set is a superheterodyne. Too many controls, you will say at first glance, but I have the secret. You log your stations. Then, if you want WJZ all you have to do is look it up in the book. Sixty, sixty-two, forty-nine, forty, forty, and it comes in as clear as a bell, static or no static. A great thing radio, I say.”

“Yep.”



FLAPPER: *A man like that ain't got no sense of duty to the public, coming in here with a strike going on.*

THE TURKISH BATH—AN INTIMATE RECORD



1 First of all you are escorted to a small room and given a sheet, in which you wrap yourself modestly, and await in pleasant anticipation the Turkish Bath that people say will make you feel like a million dollars.



2 A Big Bertha arrives, yanks off the sheet in which you have so carefully draped yourself, says, "Hold up your arms," and then winds you up another way.



3 Tied up in this ridiculous fashion, Big Bertha leading the way you start upon the Big Adventure.



4 She leads you to a terrible room belching forth steam and expects you to go in and sit down.



5 What is more, she eventually gets the sheet away from you and shoves you in.



6 You emerge, some time later, broken in spirit, but resigned. At least, there can be nothing worse (only there is!)



7 Bertha next deposits you in the Baking Room on top of a boiling radiator with a piece of ice in a towel with which to mop your brow. A crazy woman next to you is saying: "This is no way to reduce, dearie; dieting is the only way. I just come here because I like it."



8 Then comes the pounding, slapping, pinching, thumping—anything Bertha can think of (and there is nothing she doesn't think of).



9 After a cold shower in which you nearly die, Bertha insists on weighing you. "Only 104. Why, dearie, I don't see why you come here—er—of course it makes you feel awful good!"



10 Finally, you are deposited on a hard slab which feels to your tortured flesh like a couch of down from which nothing in the world could induce you to rise. The very next minute Bertha appears. "Get up, get up, ladies. It's two o'clock, the gentlemen will be coming." The end (thank Heaven) of a Turkish Bath.



"I hear you're an interior decorator. Tell me—how does it feel?"



“Run along and play, dear—over there in the woods.”



“Wot’s the idea, Bill?”

“I’m gonna croak a guy tomorrow, and I’m building up my nut defense.”





DOES YOUR HOME REFLECT YOUR PERSONALITY?
Living room of a family devoted to horses.



“Hey, Hamilton! We’re going to have a race to see who gets to the baby first. You want to get in it?”



“Smart-lookin’ gentleman, weren’t he?”

“Which one, sweetheart?”

“The one I jus’ tripped up.”

“Whoops! Ain’t you the sly croquette—steady!”

A TAXI IN PARIS, AND— WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU GET ONE (1 OF 2)



For half an hour they go by you—even the empty ones.



Finally one stops. You tell him in perfect French that you desire to go to Rumpelmayer's.



No, he has never heard of Rumpelmayer's.



You say it again, and again, and again, until finally—



—it dawns: "Ah oui, oui! Rumpelmavaires, Rumpelmavaires!"

TAXI IN PARIS, AND— WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU GET ONE (1 OF 2)



*Suddenly he's off!
You mustn't expect
him to wait until you get in.*



*You ride the first two blocks
on the running board and then
manage to throw yourself in head-
first.*



*The remainder of the ride you
do not remember.*



*At last you arrive, shaken and
dazed.*



*Then, after you have tipped him ten times more than he
expected he argues for more!*



WEEK-ENDING

HOSTS: *Oh, heavens! Another hour till those people wake up.* GUESTS: *Good Lord—it'll be an hour before we can eat.*

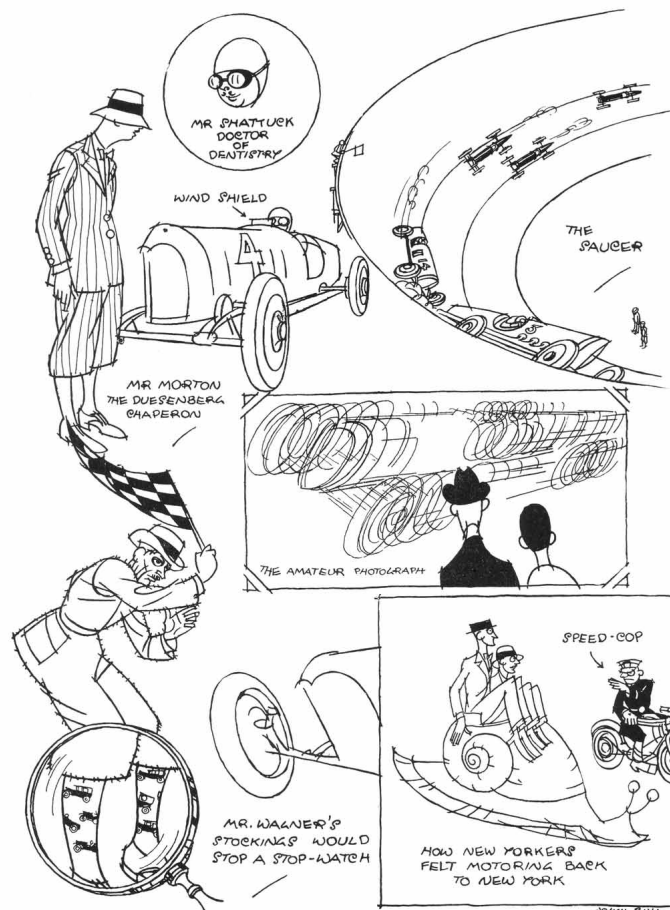


"Haven't you any larger flowers?"



“Beastly service here.”

“Yes, but this real exotic atmosphere is irresistible.”



THE MOTOR RACES AT ATLANTIC CITY

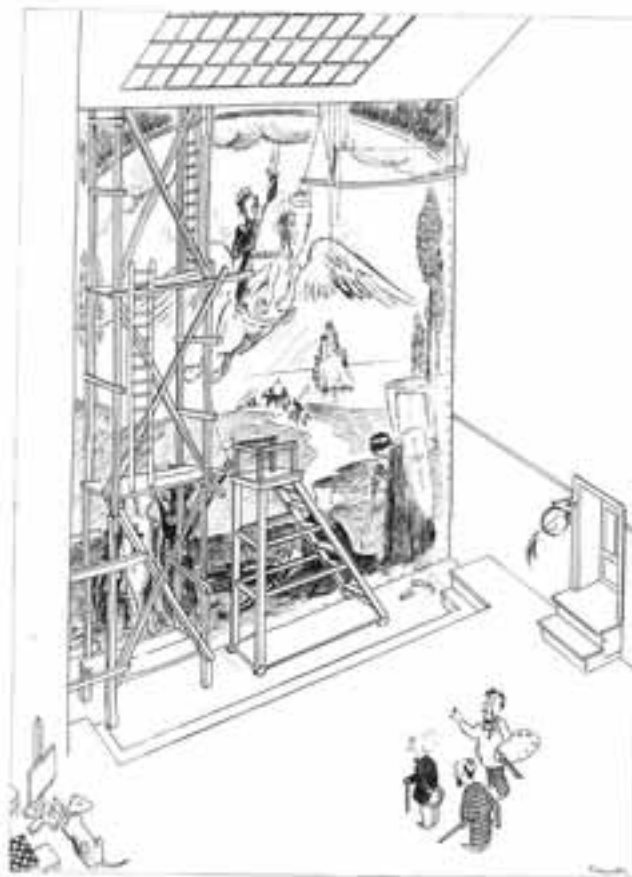


*"Now that's good! I wonder if you
have one like that with the sky a
little dresser?"*



POLAR AMENITIES

*"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold
"And a mate of the Nancy brig—"*



THE VERY GREAT ARTIST: *And this is a little thing I just dashed off.*



"What is that, a boy or a girl?"

"A girl."

"How can you tell?"

"By the sex appeal."

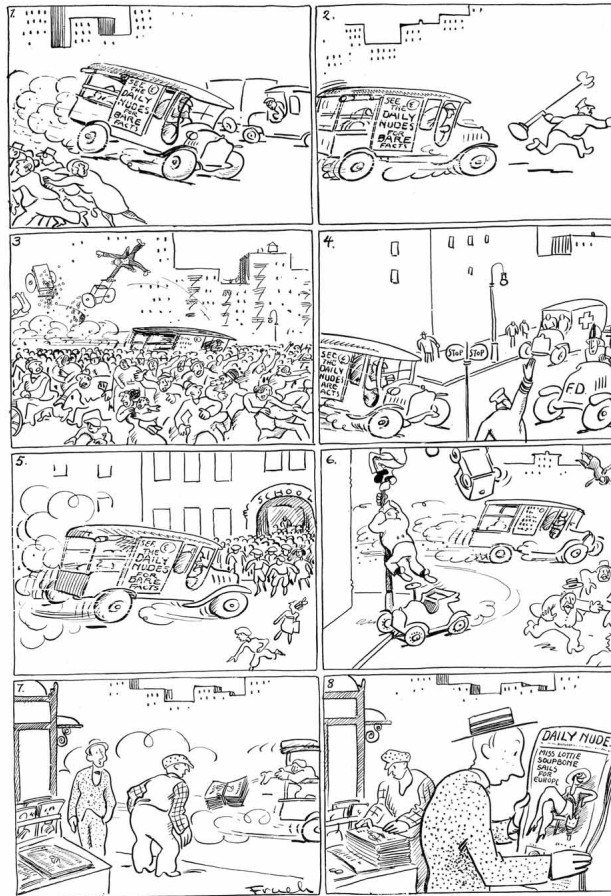


"My dear, you ought to have seen the hands I held last night!"

"In bridge, love or self-defense?"



*"William, you know Mrs. Brown went to Europe,
and just think—that makes me chairman of
the House Committee for two whole months."*



THE POWER OF THE PRINTED WORD



*“Lordy! Better’n a horse and
cab any day, I say! Get’s y’
there quick—hic!”*

*“Whoops! Where wuz you
goin’, dearie?”*



THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER, OR MR. ARLEN'S FINAL TRIUMPH

Helen E. Hokinson (7/31/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



*“My heavens, Egbert! How long are you going to keep us
in here in this boiling sun?”*



*“Interesting? Him? Why, all
he’d say was ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ or some
crack like that.”*



“Geeziz, what a lot of tough babies those guys must be!”



"It will rise fifty-five stories into Manhattan skies—a scintillant spire gleaming aureate in the sun's rays—a crowning monument to my career."

"Who's doing the plumbing?"



"Ed's a butcher, ain't he?"

"Yes, and believe me, that boy sure knows meats."



*“Come on, dearie, make up yer mind
whether yer goin’ in or out.”*

*“Lordy! We been in an’ out so many
times now that I’m beginnin’ to
like both. Whoops! Watch the
doorman.”*



THE AMENITIES OF MODERN SOCIAL LIFE
The Interior of a Really Up-To-Date Turkish Bath



"I'm mad about dirt roads. They're such wonderful exercise."



"This book says the Cathedral of Chartres is still unfinished."

"Well, what do you say if we wait until next trip before we see it? Maybe it will be ready then."



“Tell me, my dear Perkins, how you, with nothing more than a college education and no time to read, have filled your mind with such a treasure house of fascinating information. You answer all questions, you hold us hypnotized with your knowledge, your witticism, your aphorisms. All men admire and envy you.”

“Tut-tut! It is nothing. I was blind, I was dumb, I was a bore—and then came that day. I saw the advertisement: Personality in Three Easy Lessons. I knew it was my chance. I feverishly clipped the coupon and—popularity, great Heaven, popularity! I was a made man.”



"The next selection, entitled 'Moonbeams and You,' is dedicated to those of our radio audience who may at this moment be resting beside their sweethearts on the cool moonlit shores of lakes and rivers, beside the glorious ocean, or far at sea."



"One soup, s'il vous plait."



*“Oh, yes, they make good beef stew and I like beef stew,
but Gosh, they give you such big portions that you
keep on eating and eating and the first thing you
know you eat more than is good for you and then
you know what happens.”*

“Oh, goodness, yes!”



“THIS IS THE DRIVER OF YOUR CAB”



JUST ONE OF THOSE BACK-YARD RESTAURANTS—SO POPULAR THESE
DAYS, AND SO CHARMINGLY REMINISCENT OF DEAR OLD PARIS



*"It's pants matching now, huh? The last time it was permanent waves.
What's the idea? Like the pants-matching game better?"*

"Naw, it ain't that. I guess it's just that I'm a restless soul, that's all."

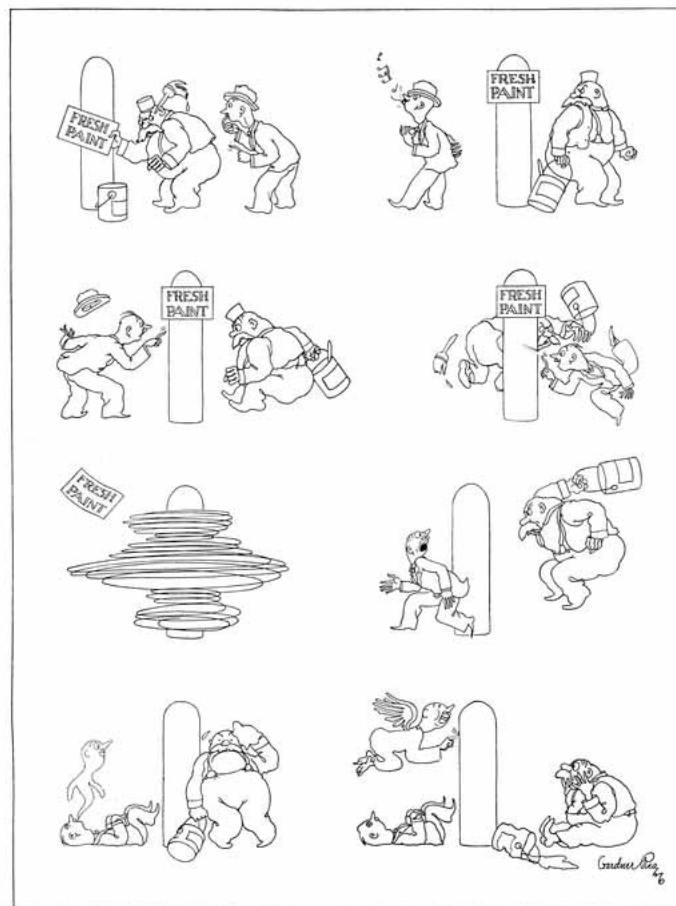


“Take it back, Robert! I’d look terribly in it. That’s what comes of buying a car under artificial light.”



“Well, well—and how’s your painting coming along?”

“Painting? Oh, dear! I’m writing now, you know.”



THE FRESH PAINT COMPLEX



RETURNED NEW YORKER: *Why, that house was here when I left last year!*



“My, it’s quiet this season! The Browns have gone to the beach and the Van Cleeves have evidently made things up. Disgusting! They had such ripping rows last summer.”



*“Lordy, ain’t that a pretty
how-d’yuh-do! Him pullin’
the wool over me eyes—tellin’
me he was a civil engineer.”*

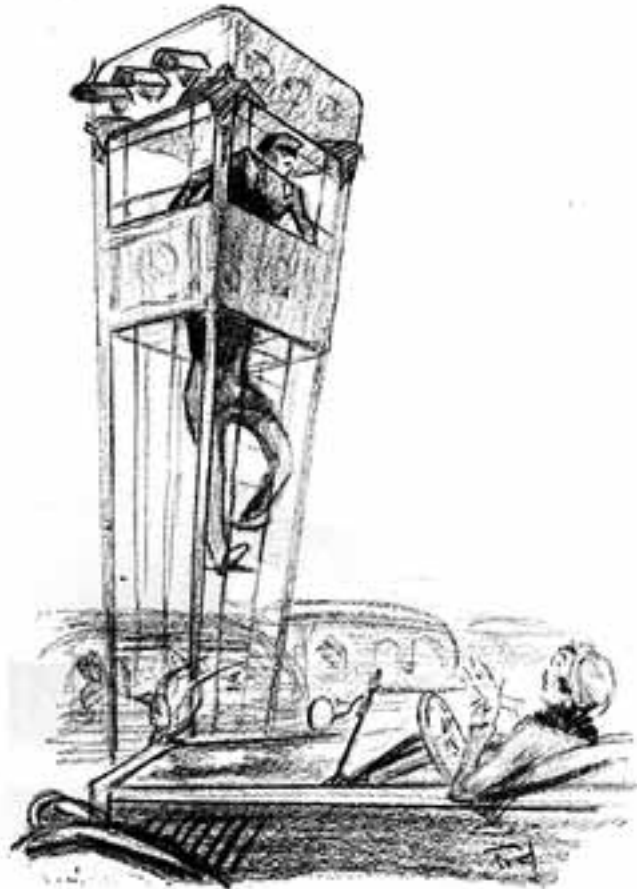
*“Civil? Whoops! He ain’t even
polite.”*



“Ouch! It’s one of those artists who make things stick out in the wrong places. I’ve always wanted to see what one looked like.”



“Yes, Angelo is a good shoemaker, a damn good shoemaker. Lots of talent, but what’s the use? He can’t get over his stage fright.”





A STRANGER BATHES AT BAILEY'S BEACH



“You can’t go on like this. Either you get a haircut or you buy a violin.”



“Promise me, darling, you will never be a jockey, and ride over those frightful jumps.”

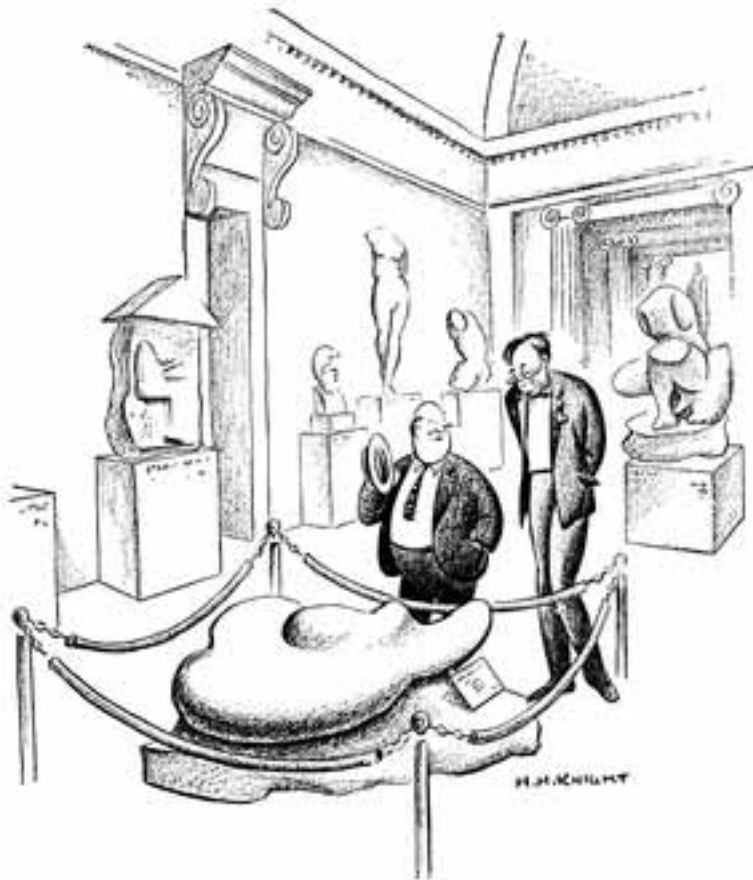


*"You know, I'm sort of highbrow.
I always likes to read when I eats."*



*"So she starts t' argue me, an'
I says: 'Ostrich plumes out o'
style, me eye! Not while I'm
wearin' 'em.'"*

*"Plumes, dearie? Whoops! Them
ain't even pin-feathers."*



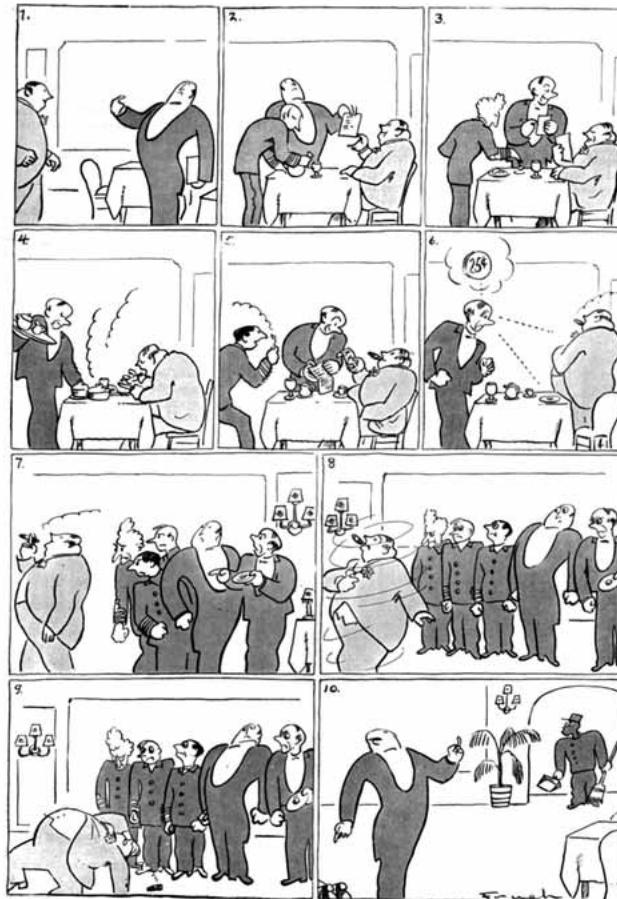
"What is it?"

"Oh, that's a statue of the lobe of a man's ear by Gutzon Borglum."



"Fine-lookin' animal, mister."

"Nice dog, too, lady."



IF LOOKS COULD KILL

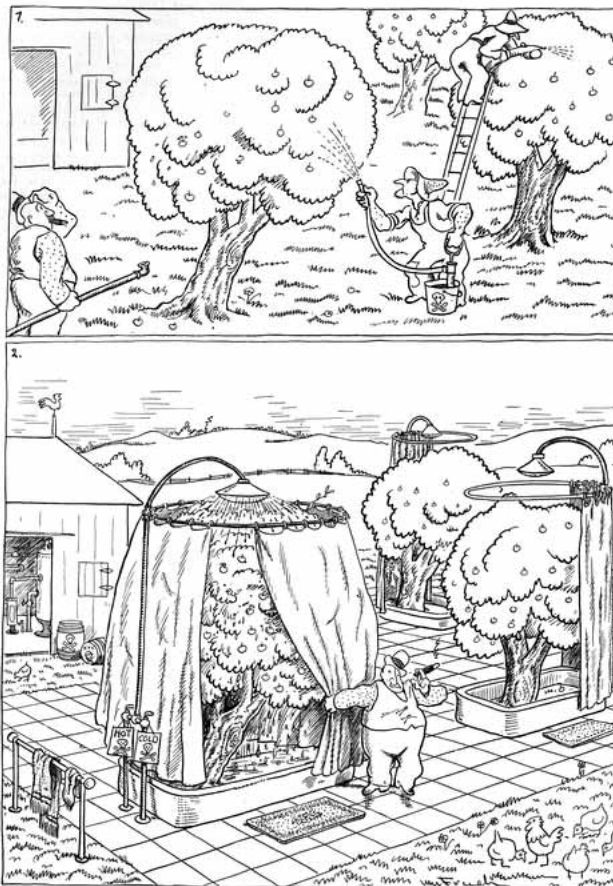




“Silly to keep the horses running. All the best people have left.”



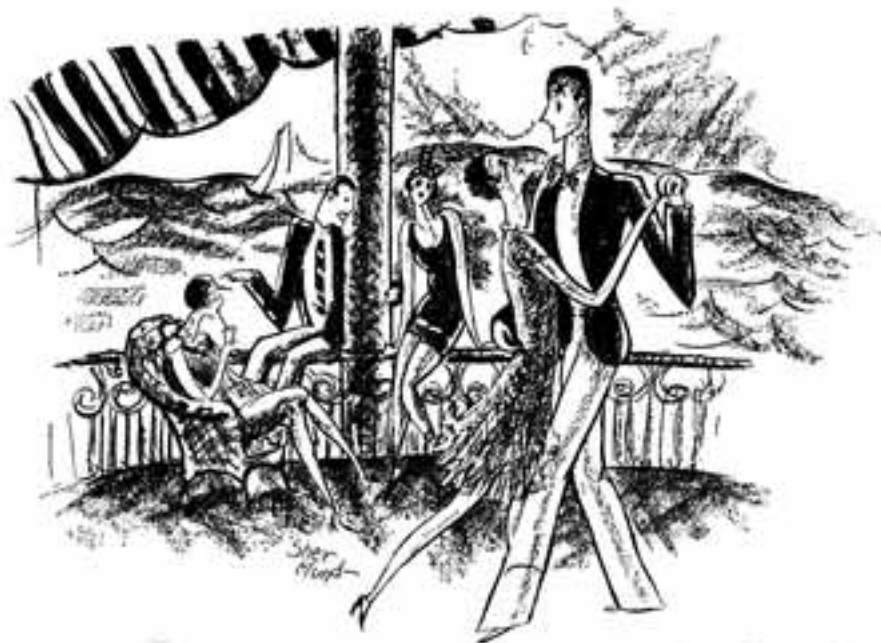
"Hi, hi! There they go! This is worth seeing, isn't it, grandpa?"



THE PLUMBER WHO WENT BACK ON THE FARM



*"I want to know the World's opinion of this case
and all I can find in this damn can is the Times!"*



"I've just read your latest book. You know, I can't imagine how you ever thought of it."



*"Would you mind putting Charlemagne down? I do so
hate to have to drop him."*



*"Horses? Whoops, I'm cu-razy about 'em
—just in a sportin' way, o' course."*

"An equestrienne, that's what you are, dearie."

"Here, now! None o' yer indelicate back talk!"



THE END OF A NEW YORKER'S PERFECT DAY



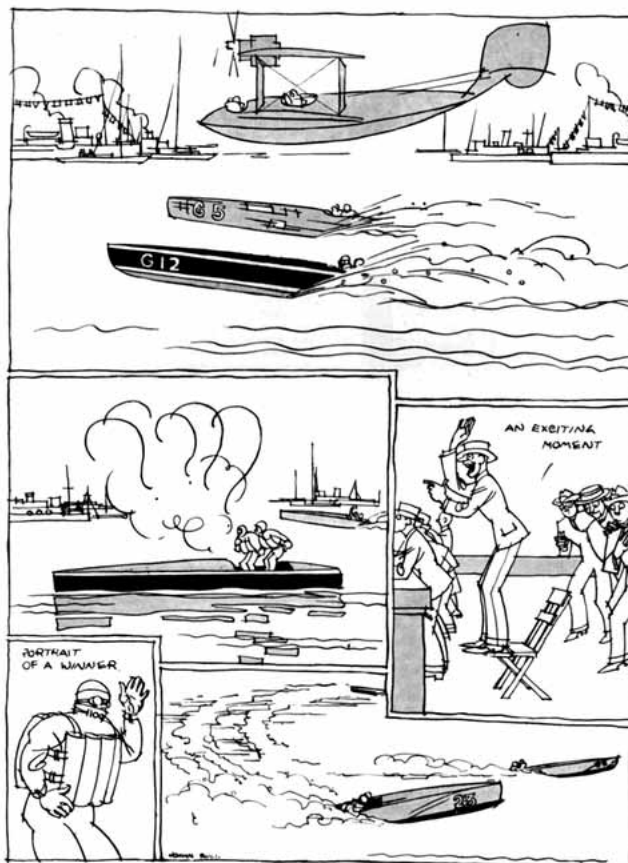
OLD MAN: *What d'you call that, young woman?*

ARTIST: *That's Love in Spring! What did ya think it was?*



"I suppose you seafaring men just love the ocean."

"Oh, I don't know. It's changed so lately."



FLYING FISH IN THE GOLD CUP REGATTA

Neither wind nor water—nor our week-end weather—stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.



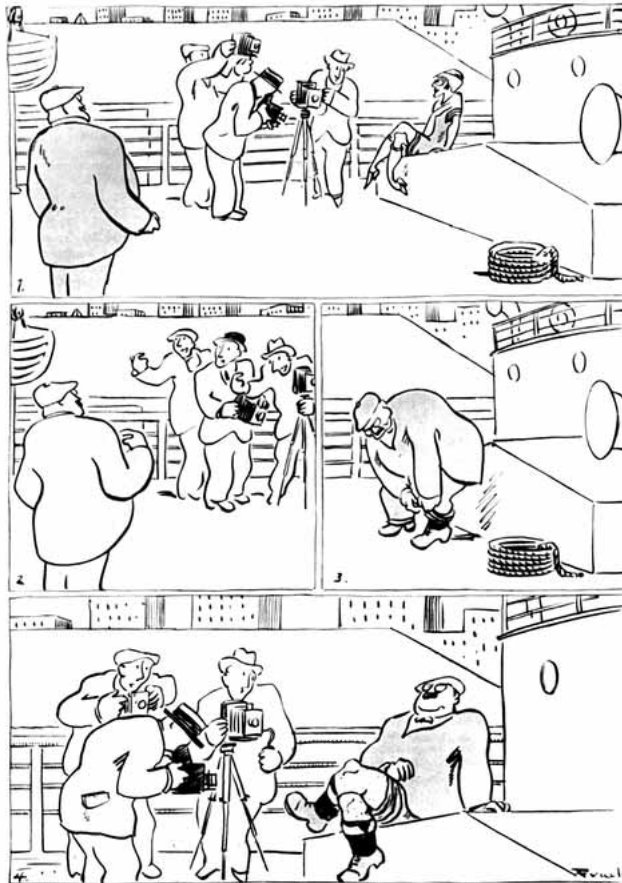
Execution of the Statler Hotel bell-boy who was impertinent.



“Well, Harry, I’ve made up my mind.”

“What about, dear?”

“I want Angeline to be a dramatic soprano.”



THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS AND THE
TRAVELER WHO GOT THE IDEA

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS— EVEN THE FRENCH CAN'T CROSS THEM (1 OF 2)



Clutching letters which you hope to mail on the boat train you wait and wait, whereupon—



—a French fellow sufferer exclaims in dramatic tones that he has waited "une demi-heure."



Emboldened by company, and the way seeming clear, you start out again when—



—suddenly an army of cars appears from nowhere.

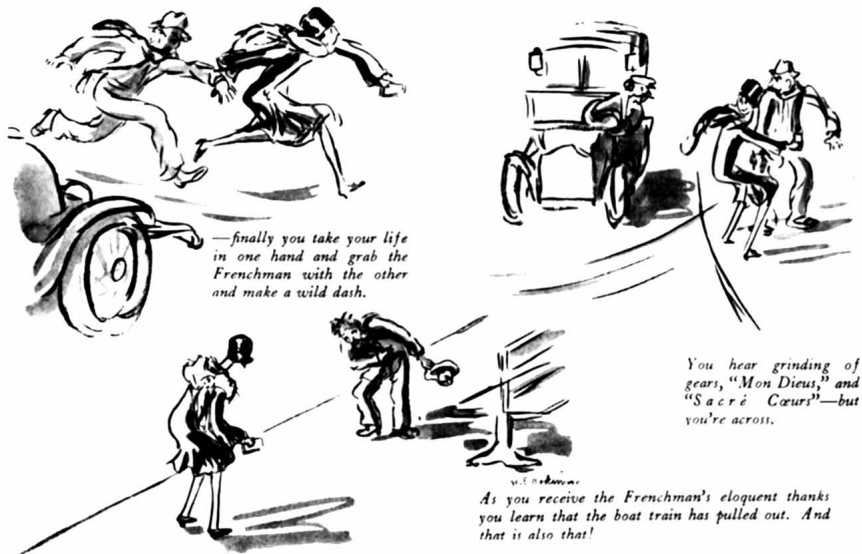


You don't wait to argue in Paris, where they arrest you after they run over you.



Failed again. Well, that's that. Just wait for the miserable things to pass, until—

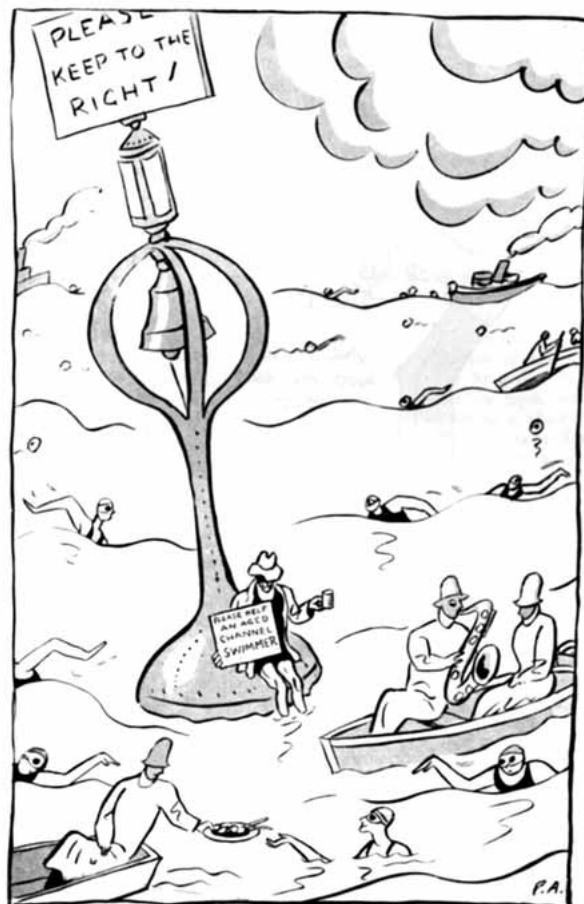
THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS— EVEN THE FRENCH CAN'T CROSS THEM (2 OF 2)





“Take that, villian, as a protest that your change of my play’s title from ‘Don’t You Remeber Sweet Alice, Ben Hur?’ to ‘Peekaboo’ does not meet with my approval.”

“Oh, dear! Think of the box office.”



THE BUSY SEASON



*“‘Sardines!’ I says. ‘Who wants t’ take
sardines on a picnic! Sardines is fish,
an’ fish should be et on Friday!’ Lordy,
I thought I’d—”*

*“Whoops, dearie! Looka th’ lady bug
goin’ right up yer beads! Excitin’,
I calls it!”*



"I've just washed Chico, and he's so fluffy I can't do a thing with him."



*“Waiter, you simply must find a paper that tells when the sun rises.
This young lady’s not allowed to come home after daylight.”*



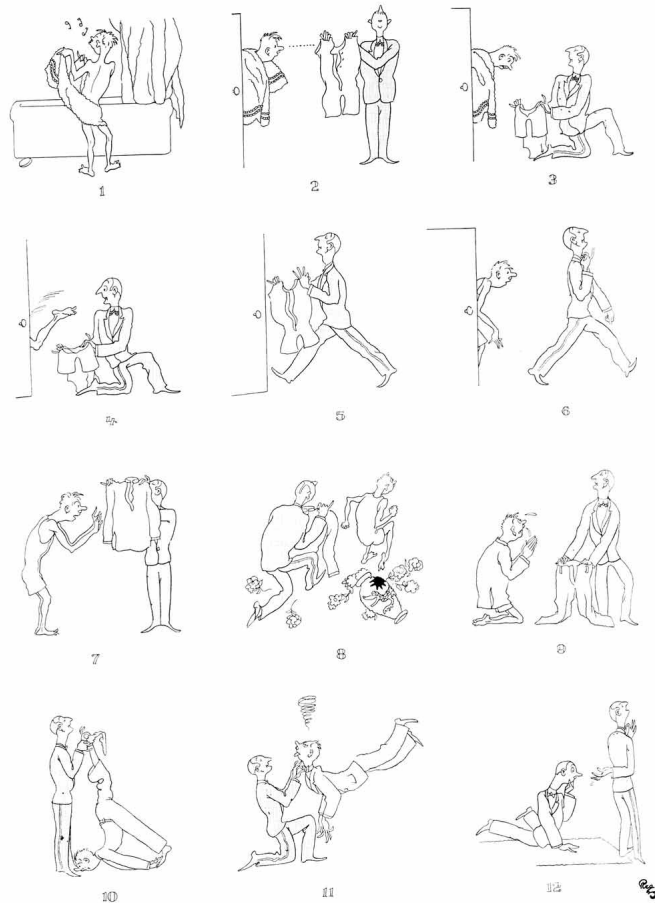
"Can I do anything for you, dearie?"

RECORD MAKERS



SIR ISAAC NEWTON DISCOVERS GRAVITY

When interviewed, "Newty" said modestly, "I did it for Old England, the wife, and the kiddies."



THE PERSISTENT VALET AND THE UNACCUSTOMED GUEST



*“Now, precious, stop jumping. You are just wasting
mamma’s good pennies.”*



*"I can't say I'm so crazy about those
Roman noses—are you, Hattie?"*



"Pins, Miss Pripp! More pins!"



"My dear! What a shame! But I was just stepping out the door this minute."



"It is immediately evident that I am addressing the idealists of the local business world upon whom—



—as a privileged class, devolves the duty of expressing this idealism in a practical fashion. You—



—men of vision, of initiative, of dominating personality, of irresistible energy are the dynamic force—



—that must lead the community into an expression of its better self. On every face I see the mark of—



—intelligence that spells progress. This is my message, that you continue unwaveringly to organize—



—your superselves to realize ideals that already vibrate in every fiber of your collective being." (Applause)

MR. STENCIL LISTENS TO THE LUNCH CLUB SPEAKER



“You an’ yer blinkin’ tea rooms! Lordy, give me a good old-fashioned restaurant like Rector’s or Delmonico’s, where yuh c’d get veal cutlets as was veal cutlets! This stuff tastes like chicken or somethin’.”

“Whoops, dearie, none o’ yer airs! Y’ asked fer atmosphere an’ ere yuh got it. Now enjoy yerself quietly—like a lady.”



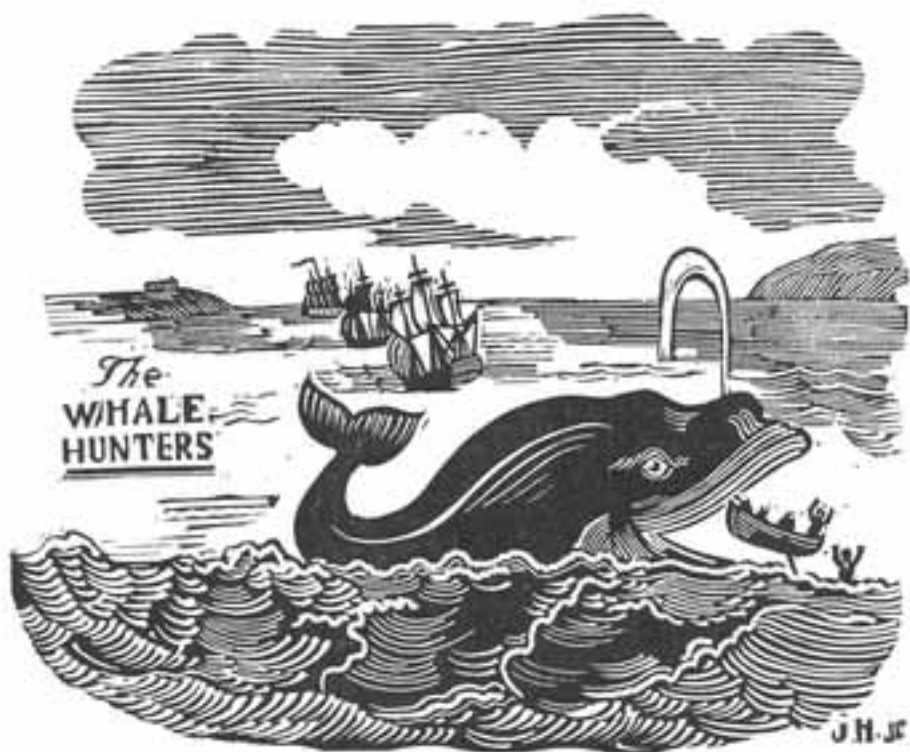
"He's just crazy about me, but I ain't goin' to be nobody's toy."



THE SCULPTOR: *At night I put it in my bed and I sleep under the bed.*

LADY: *What for?*

SCULPTOR: *Ah-h! Adroit deception of mosquitoes.*

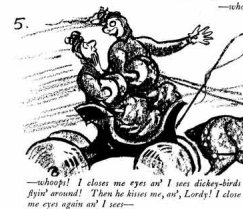


**RISKING LIFE AND LIMB TO SECURE OIL FOR ACTORS HAIR
AN ENGRAVING WITH A MESSAGE BY JOHN HELD JR**





THE NEWSPAPER ITEM AND THE DETERMINED READER





"My Lord, you can't even ride around without being stared at."



*“Yes, we finally moved to the city. We’re on the fifteenth floor,
Number 1579. Mother didn’t want to be buried in the country.”*





HE: *Oui, garçon, hors d'œuvres variés, et après, des cépes Bordelais.*

SHE: *Make it two, dearie.*



"Look, there's Morris Gest."

"Look, a pair of cotton stockings."



THE BALDHEADED GENTLEMAN, THE HAIR-RAISING
THRILLER, AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS WIG



"Elaine, please remove Floflo. I wish to be alone."



"John Barrymore! Why he's married, silly."



*"Whoops, dearie! Ain't you
takin' a lot for granted?"*



“But, Hubert dear, how will we ever know which is ours?”

“Patience, dear, we shall plant a tree.”



*"Heavens! Every time I'm engaged the papers
all misspell the man's name."*



"That's the sort of thing I was trying to explain to you about your father, dear, without being crude."



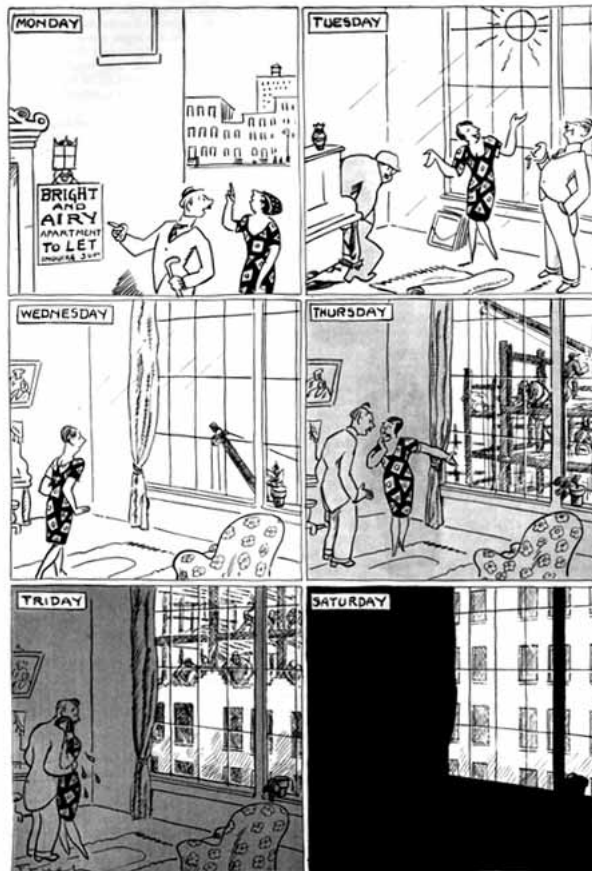
“Well, it’s certainly grand to be back.”

“WHAT?”

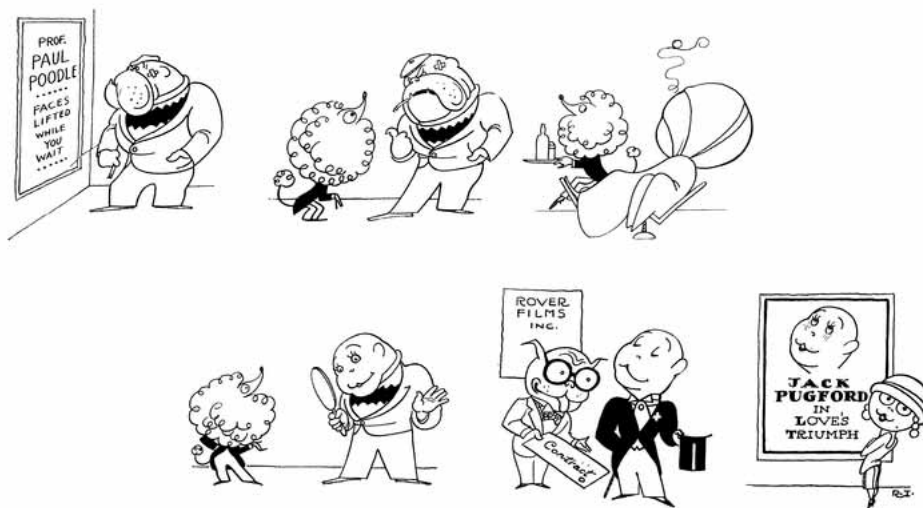




“Goodness, mother, you know so little about life!”



LIFE IN A BIG TOWN





*"An' then he says to me, the fresh thing,
he says, 'Have y'anything to declare?'
Lordy, I thought I'd—"*

"Have you anything to declare! Whoops!"



NEARSIGHTED LADY: *Dear me, I wonder if that
can be one of the Virginia Lees gone into trade.*



*"It's awfully stuffy on the floor, Ronald. How about
drinking out the next two dances?"*



"Oh, Mrs. Duffel, your husband tried to stab himself, but praise be to God, he's still alive!"

"Poor Arthur! He must have used the wrong knife again."



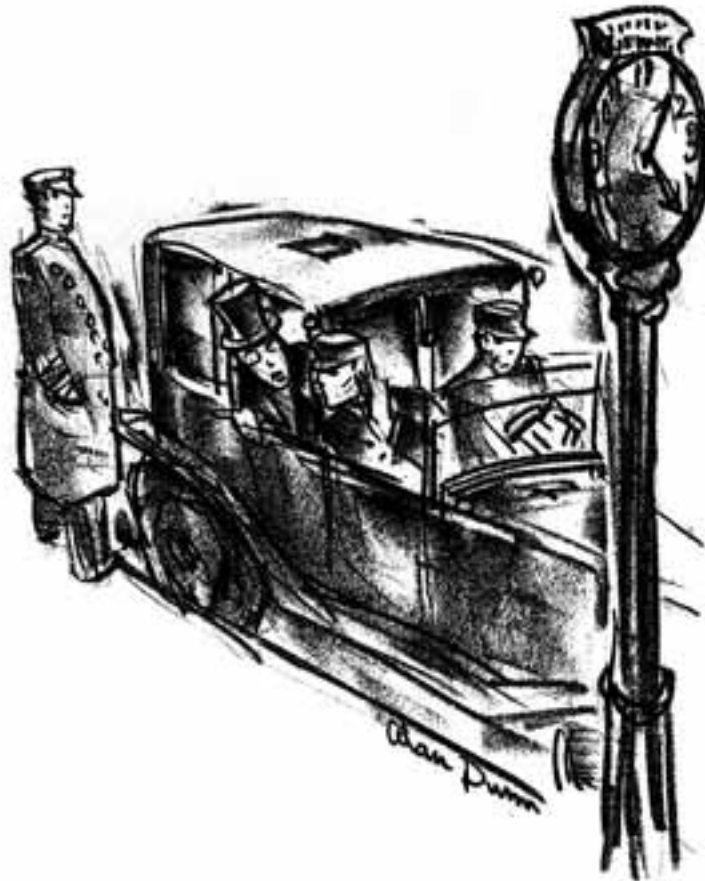
“My dear fellow, you’ve no idea how picturesque you are!”



NEWLY ELECTED BOY MEMBER OF THE CENTURY CLUB
APPEARS FOR DINNER



THE COACH: *You've got the stuff, young fellow. You could make good. But your background is wrong; your father was a banker. Now haven't you ever driven an ice wagon?*



*"Hawley, my lad, ask this good man if that is the correct time.
Mrs. Perly's wrist watch registers a discrepancy of two minutes."*



"And she doesn't do a thing but have a good time!"

"T-t, t-t!"

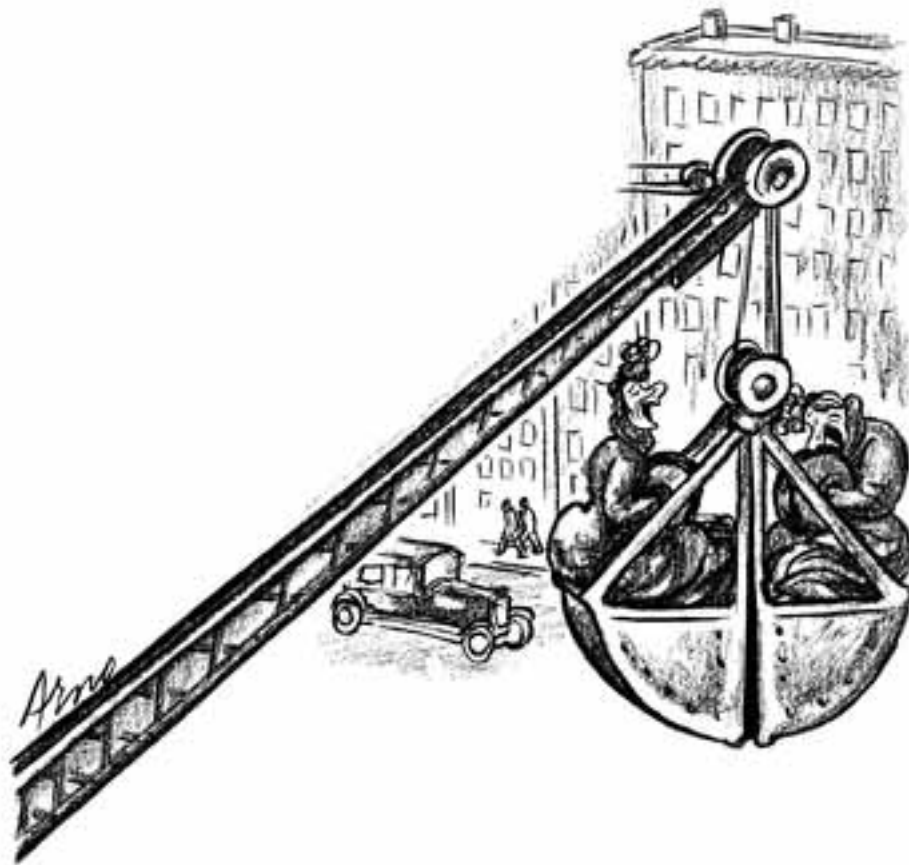
"Too bad!"



*"Send up about two dozen books. You know, the sort of thing
you need for a French room."*



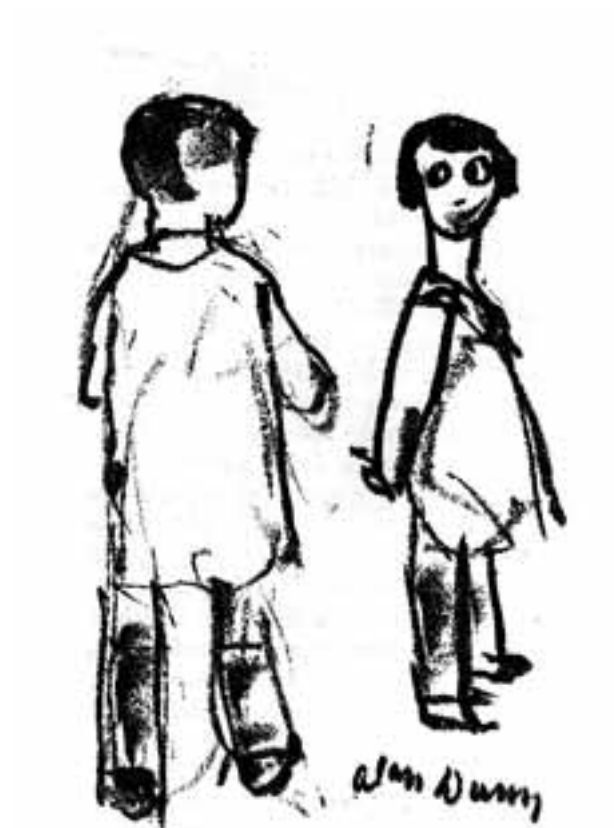
“Poor little girl—to think you’ve never had anyone to protect you.”



*"Whoops! Generous I calls it—free ride an' everything!
More excitin', though, if Harry'd come along with us."*

"Lordy! It wouldn't be safe with him here!"

*"Lawsey, no! He was bad enough at Coney Island—
Whoops!"*



"Now, Winifred, don't be specious."



THE CYMBALS: *I do hope this year will be as fruitful as last season. Why, during Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" alone I knitted the most gorgeous muffler imaginable.*



"Will I look like you some day, Grandma?"

"Yes, dear, if you're good."

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS IT REALLY IS (I OF 5)



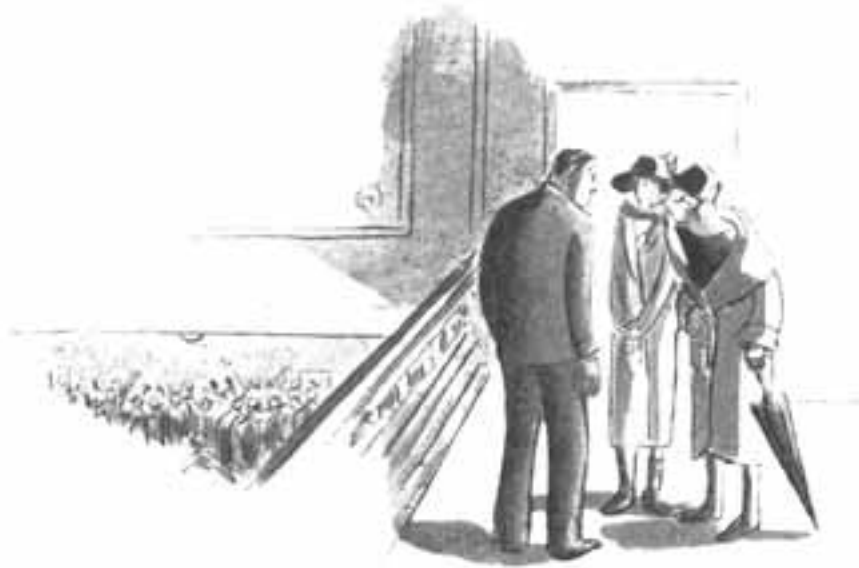
Stock brokers do not gnash their teeth or clasp their hands to their brows or pull each other's hair. They stand about nonchalantly in circles, and are continually passing small pieces of paper to each other which they immediately throw on the floor.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS IT REALLY IS (2 OF 5)



The first buy of the morning is always a white carnation.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS IT REALLY IS (3 OF 5)



The gentleman who undertook to explain the intricacies of the stock exchange to a couple of sightseeing school teachers was somewhat surprised when one of them asked, "But— isn't this the aquarium?"

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS IT REALLY IS (4 OF 5)



*They take a great deal of interest in each other's hair cuts.
The one on the left is about to give an honest opinion.*

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AS IT REALLY IS (5 OF 5)



*How a stock broker talks—“An $\frac{1}{8}$ for 100—
that’s a new suit you have on—”*



“What’s this I’m reading about your trying to get a divorce from me?”



"You see I leave my husband in the second act, so as a rule I'm asleep by eleven."



FIRST DRAMATIC CRITIC: *A moving and impressive ceremony.*

SECOND DRAMATIC CRITIC: *Hokum, old man, pure hokum.*



High position on Wall Street



"Whoops! There goes Jimmy."

"Strike me dead! Jimmy who?"

"Why, the Mayor, o' course, you little wag."

"Mayor? Whoops, ain't you the climber!"



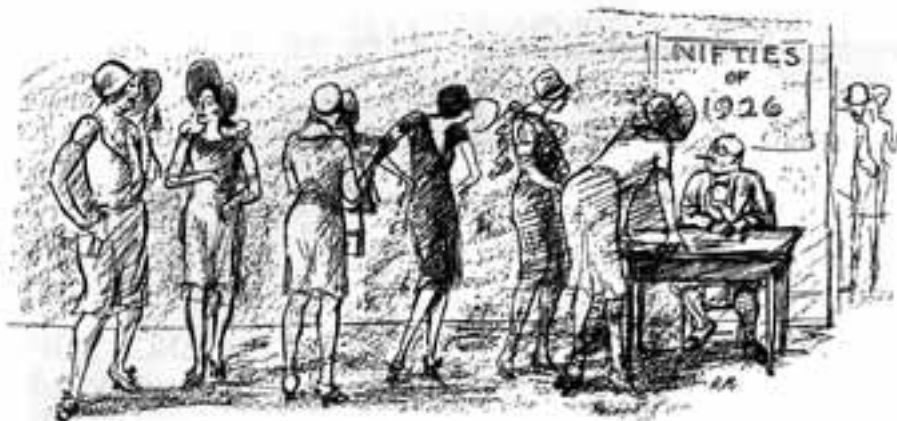
"Good, huh?"

"Swell! It's so restful."



"Did you hear a shot a little while ago?"

"Yes, it must have been Helen shooting a rabbit."



*"First you call this hoofing a career, then you call it a profession.
After that it's a livin'."*



“Oh, yes! Something in the suburbs? Say about the thirty-sixth floor?”



"I orders corn beef and cabbage. 'Corn beef and cabbage,' he says, 'is only on Monday.' 'Today's Monday,' I says. 'Today's Tuesday,' he says, and sure enough it's Tuesday and me all set for corn beef and cabbage."





“Hey! Who d’yuh think y’are—the Queen o’ Roo-mania?”



PICK: *"The attendance is terrible today, ain't it? They must be startin' to dig another somewhere."*

SHOVEL: *"Yeah. Only three. Geez! That's awful!"*



“Major, your wife has just fallen downstairs!”

“Sir, I am playing billiards.”



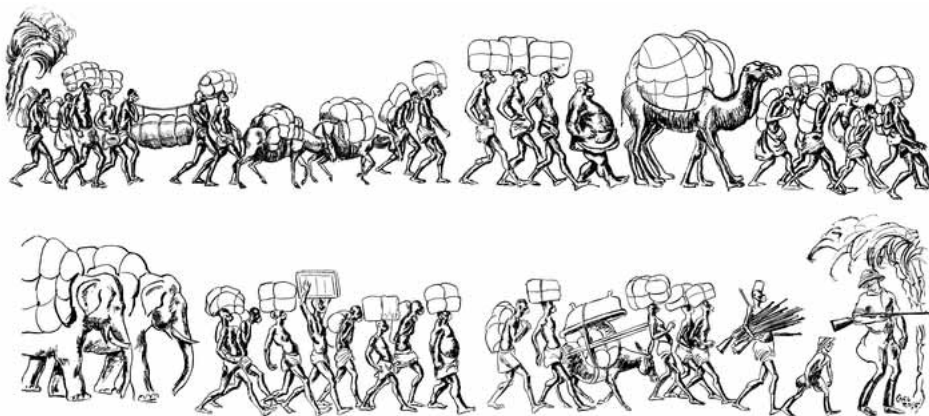
DWIGHT: *"Wait'll you taste this, sis. Just as good as the stuff we used to get before the war."*



“Aren’t you sorry now you didn’t go in for football?”

“Yes, Mildred, but any indulgence in athletics would have interfered with my scholastic standing.”

“How you must suffer, Edmund!”

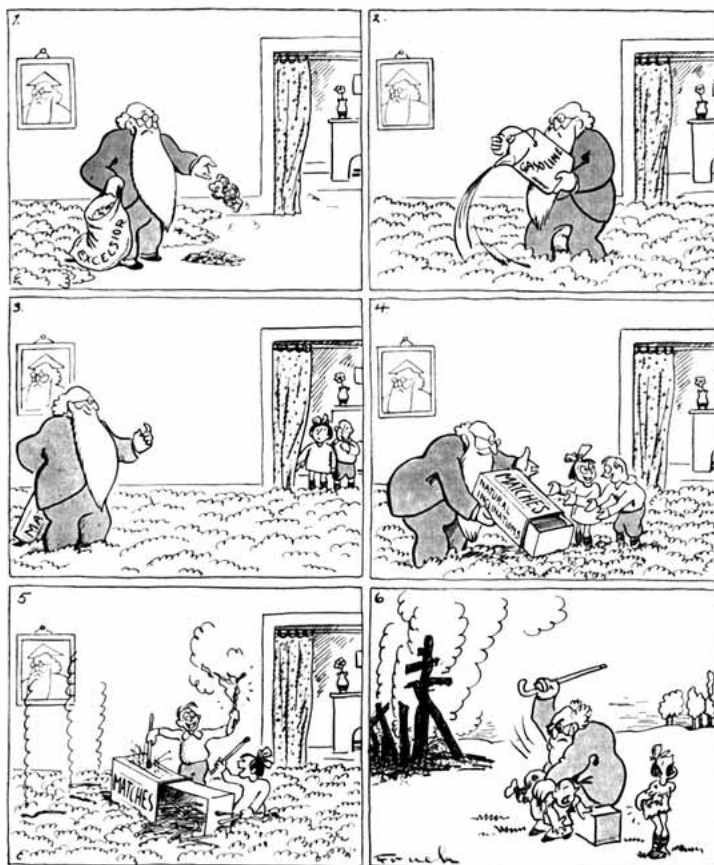


"Jarvis, are you certain you packed the caviar?"

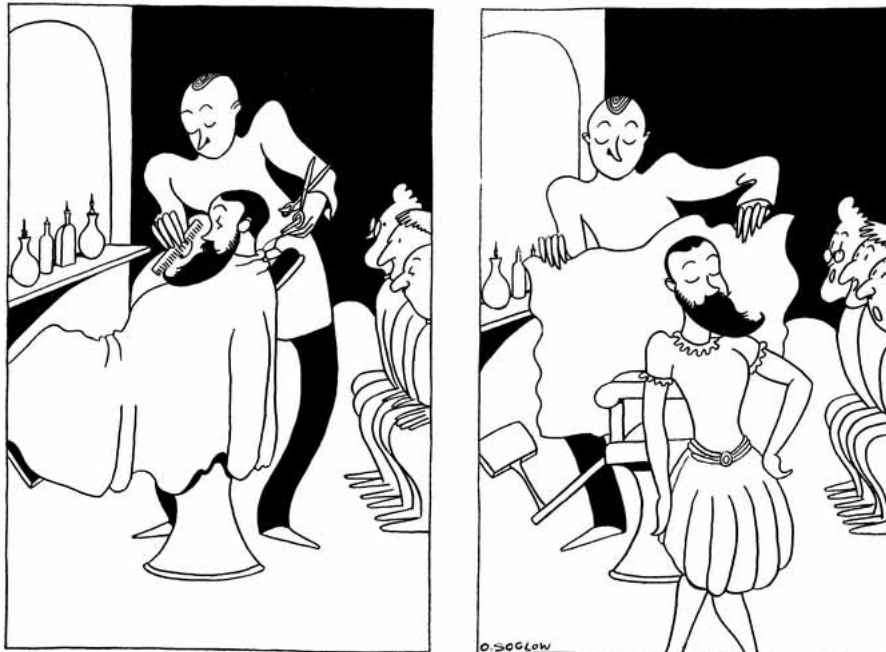


*“Dja hear what ‘e says—the fresh thing! Babies’-wear, indeed!
Who has babies these days—what with everybody gettin’ so
refined an’ all?”*

“Whoops, dearie! Watch this next step! It’s comin’ right up atcha!”



THE STORY OF MANKIND, OR,
ISS DISS A SYSTEM?



IT'S POSSIBLE



The **DEAR DEAD DAYS**
WHEN A GIRL DRANK BEER AND LIKED IT
ENG. BY JOHN, HELD JR WITH THE LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE



"I want an artist, some one who'll understand my love of the beautiful."

"Well, give me a good business woman, any time!"



"My boy, I want you to meet your new mother."



“Didn’t mother tell you to dance with Miss Jones?”

“What, that adolescent?”



"Whoops! The nerve o' him—askin' us to go ridin' an' then appearin' in one o' them cheap Fords! What's he think we are, 'oi-polloi?"

"Whoops, sweetheart! Watch the puddles!"

NOTES ON A BIG GAME (I OF 6)



*At the Pennsy Station: "By the way, which side
are we going to be for?"*

NOTES ON A BIG GAME (2 OF 6)



“Upstream, team! Upstream!”

NOTES ON A BIG GAME (3 OF 6)



"It's beginning to get quite exciting, isn't it?"

NOTES ON A BIG GAME (4 OF 6)



The hardest working man on the field.

NOTES ON A BIG GAME (5 OF 6)



Class of '00.

NOTES ON A BIG GAME (6 OF 6)



They all have their little secrets.

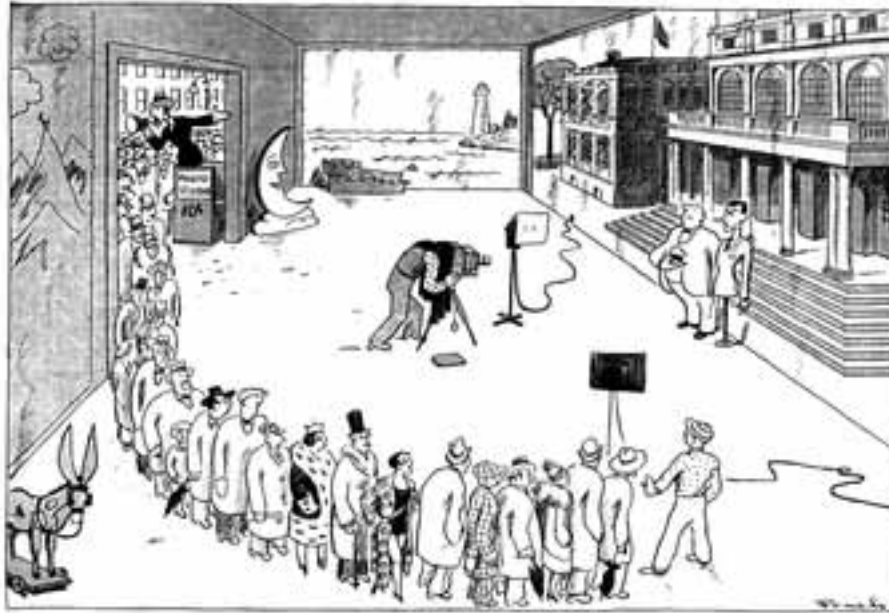


SERGEANT: *"So he got away, eh?
Could you identify him?"*

"Sure. I took his footprints."



"Not too much b'kfust. 'Ittie Goldie have tummy ache."



"Here's your chance, Ladies and Gents; step right inside, get your picture taken with the Mayor of New York. Chance of a life-time! The Mayor of New York!"



DEMOCRACY



THE BURNED FINGER—AND THE OLIVE OIL



ENTHUSIASTIC FLOORWALKER:

"Mr. Timpkins, you're wasted in the shoe department. I simply have my heart set on seein' you in ladies' underwear!"





“Let’s take a taxi. Who cares about the first act, anyway?”



*“You may quote me as saying: ‘I was never so happy in my life
as when a youth and poor.’”*



“But don’t you get a feeling of movement?”

“Er— yes, I guess so.”

“Well, there you are!”



"And in a wink he was higher than a church steeple."

"Aw Gee, mother, I thought you were going to read a fairy story."



"Now then—what color do I paint the sunset?"



"Now, dearie, he ain't so bad, really. He ain't stingy an' he's got a big Fiat an' he's gonna drive us down to Princeton for the Yale-Harvard Game."

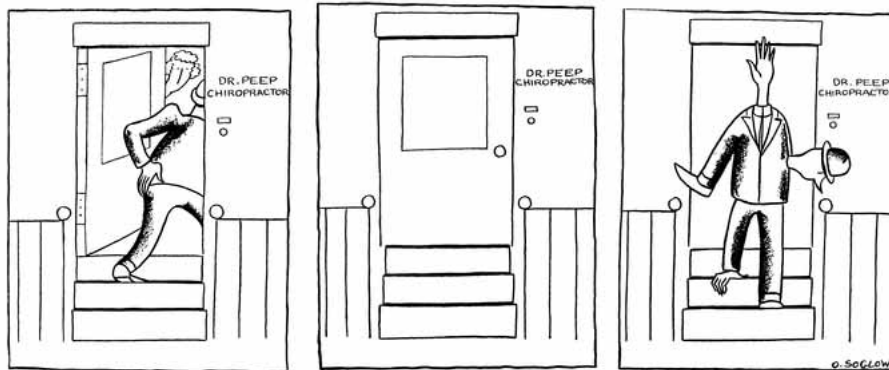


"Well, you'll never guess who this is!"





"Whoops! There goes me muff!"





*"Gee, Ed, but it's great to have someone you can talk to.
They don't understand me at home, at all."*



“And so to the opera—”



—“Home James, and don’t spare the horses.”



“And so you neither smoke nor d rink, Alan—how amusing of you.”



“So you’re an artist. Tell me, is it true that Bud Fisher makes all that money?”



“And now, Whitney, it is time we were going to the museum.”



"Whoops, Peaches! None o' yer end runs!"



*“Yes, I’ve always been crazy over pictures. Did you know
I did china painting when I was a girl?”*





*"Oh Goody! Douglas Fairbanks is showing tonight
at the Teatro Romano."*





"There! That's my boy!"



“You should hear the things she said about me—and she scarcely knows me.”

“My dear, you ought to be glad she isn’t a close friend.”



*“You should have told them not to come;
tonight’s Paramount Night.”*



A HARVARD MAN ACCEPTS AN INVITATION TO DROP IN
AT THE PRINCETON CLUB FOR LUNCH

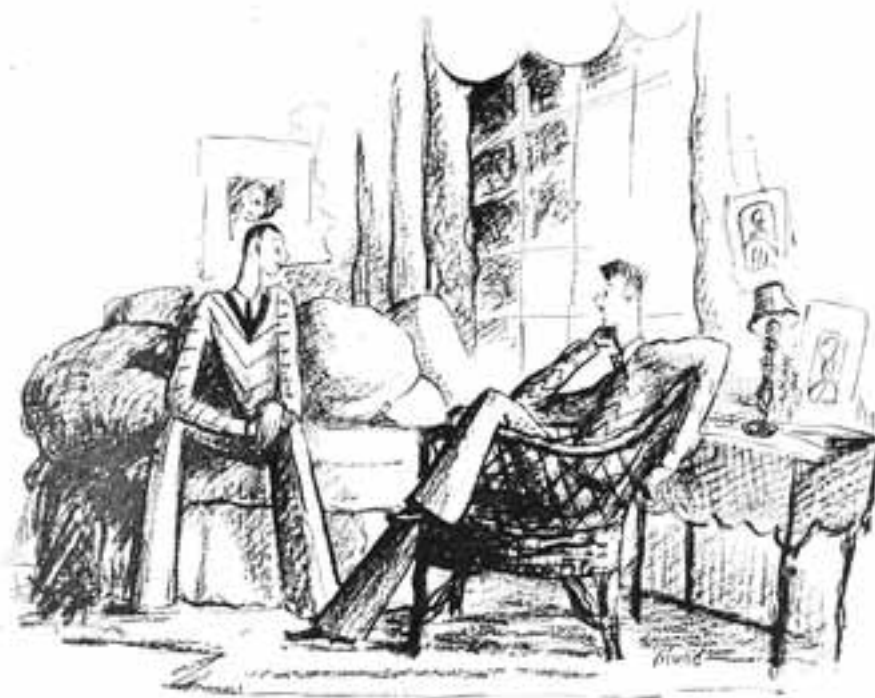


"Oh, mamma, it doesn't express me at all!"





“Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo—”



"Women like you, Geoff."

"Say, did you notice that, too?"



*“The hussy—she says ‘I’ll give yuh a ring’
—and then she asks me ‘is yer phone number
under yer own name’? Lordy!”*

*“Whoops! Wha’ did she think it was
under—yer bust measure?”*



NIGHT WATCHMAN: *Looks kinda homey, don't it, with the pictures and all? There's nothing like art, I say, to make a place cheerful.*



*"Thank Heavens, Junior has passed
the tabloid age."*



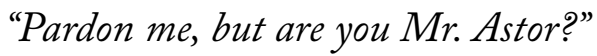
"Tell my little girl to take her cod liver oil!"



“Madame, I regret to say that the undertaker is here.”

“My gracious! What for?”

“For the chairs, madame.”





“Well, how’s Connecticut?”
“All right, but it gets dark awfully
early up there these days.”



"... 'Did you wait on me last week?' she said."



*“Whoops! Look at the old-fashioned ’ussy! When they
ride side-saddle they’re usually ashamed o’ their limbs,
I always say!”*

*“Lordy, there yuh go! Indelicate as usual—just ’cause
yer at a horse show!”*



"Geez! Ain't money tight today."



“Gentlemen, our firm name of Eitlestein, O’Shaughnessy, Leffingward and Babigirian is too unwieldy. Can anyone suggest a remedy?”

“How about shooting Leffingward?”



"These new high-crown hats are so becoming, aren't they?"

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS (I OF 4)



“Where are the guns, please?”

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS (2 OF 4)



"Have you a pattern for an angel costume?"

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS (3 OF 4)



"He never acts this way when he has his sleep."

CHRISTMAS SPIRITS (4 OF 4)



"Its fragrance, sir, is positively intoxicating."



*"It looks to me, ma'am, like this spot was made by alcohol."
 "Tell him we hired a furniture repairer, not a detective, mother.
 Tell him it's ginger ale and to mind his own business."*



THE TRIUMPH OF THE PERFECT HUSBAND



"You can say I'm just an average human being."



"What do you think, Tom—will these fit Miss Typer?"



"See the other little baby, darling."



“Miranda, I thought you’d be interested in this . . . by your people, you know—such significant solidity . . . such a surface . . . how do you do it?”



"Hoop-la!"



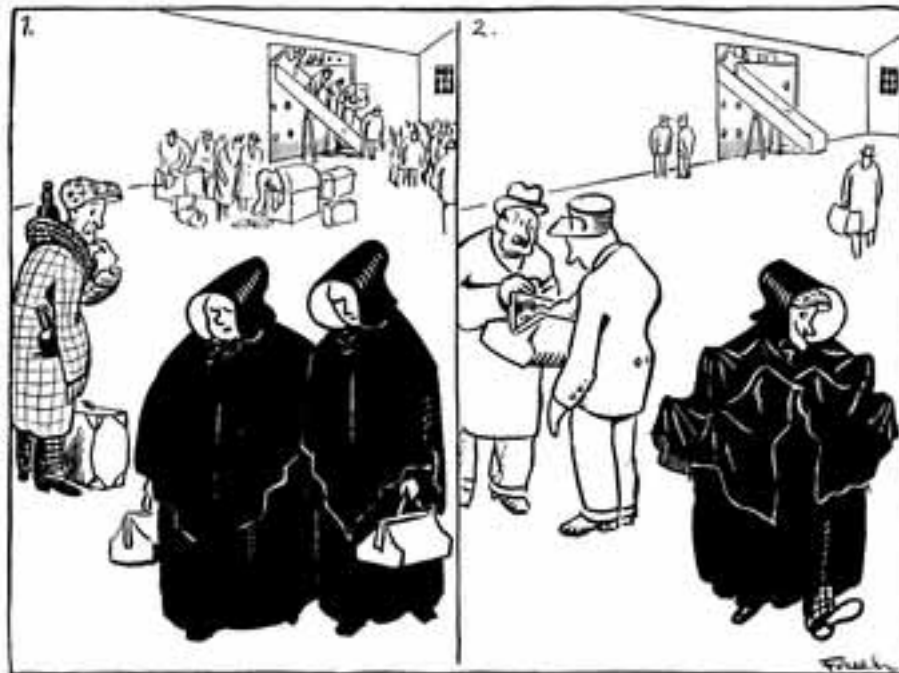
"WHOOOP-la! !"



*"Hoop-la me eye!
Yer guimpe's out!"*



*“There now, Emma—wasn’t that fine? Two whole hours
and not a wrong note struck!”*



THE OBSERVANT BOOTLEGGER LEARNS A TRICK

IN THIRTY-NINTH STREET (I OF 4)



“My dear child, your nose can’t need any more powder!”
“But, Mother, you don’t expect me to just sit here, do you?”

IN THIRTY-NINTH STREET (2 OF 4)



"I believe that was about as good music as I ever heard—in an opera."

IN THIRTY-NINTH STREET (3 OF 4)



*“Well, of course, it wasn’t anything like this in Paris.
There was some pep to it there.”*

IN THIRTY-NINTH STREET (4 OF 4)



*Shocked by the modern rush to the exits, and wondering
what the opera is coming to—or, who is coming to the opera.*



MOTHS GET INTO A MEMBER OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB
ENGRAVED BY NONE OTHER THAN JOHN HELD JR



THE HOSTESS: *"Can you possibly guess what my priceless little daughter just said about you?"*

THE GUEST: *"No, ma'am—I'm sort of a stranger in town."*



*"Oh, don't be such a bore, Gladys. I'll tell you when
I'm through having you lend it to me."*



THE CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT

"You can see, gentlemen, that this beautiful lady is innocent."



*"Flowers, flowers, nothing but flowers.
Haven't men any imagination at all?"*



“Isn’t that man over there from Garden City?”

“Sure, that’s George Zolch.”

“Oh, of course! But people look so different in town.”



AT THE ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION:

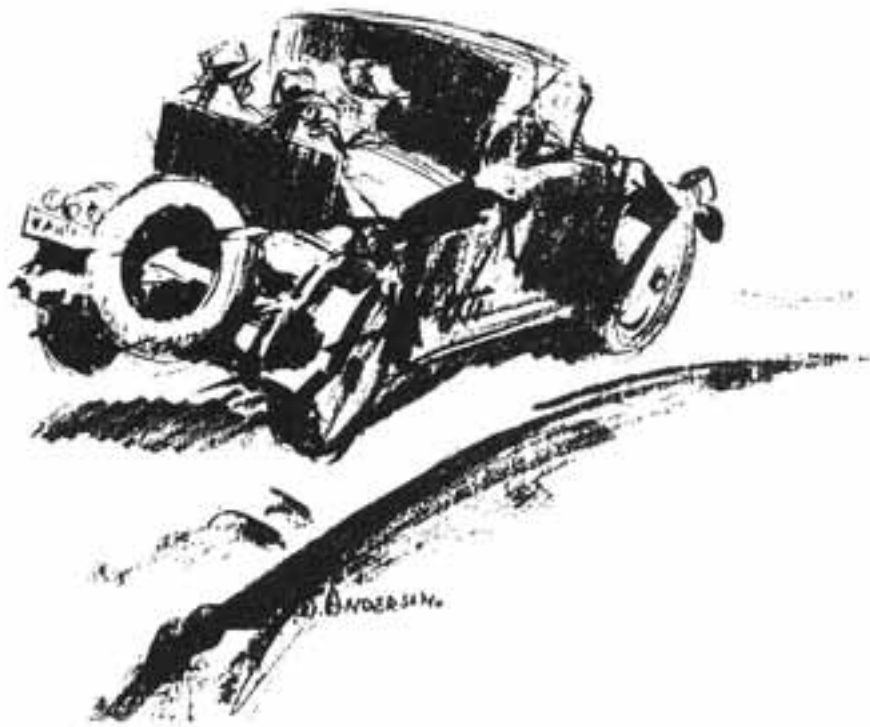
*“Well, if that’s the prize winner,” said Pat to Mike,
“I wonder what the other guy looks like.”*



THE BUTTERFLY LEAVES THE COCOON

Harold Denison (12/11/1926)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



*“Driver? Say, when the road turns the same time
he does, it’s just a coincidence.”*



THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED THE FLOOR-WALKER



“Now on that Automatic Adjustable Suspender Button Company’s greeting card for this year . . . The verse will be, ‘Tidings of Comfort and Joy’, and—ah—suppose we tie up the thought of the suspender buttons with that? Get it?”



“Misses’ dresses?”

THE INNOCENTS ARE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS (1 OF 3)



“Sure it’s good. I made it myself!”

THE INNOCENTS ARE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS (2 OF 3)



"It'll look better when I have my hair curled, won't it?"

THE INNOCENTS ARE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS (3 OF 3)



“By the way—this is my father.”



"I go west. Which way do you go?"

"I go north."

"Oh, I might as well go north, too."

"Well, good-night."



*"Oh, Jim, the guide says this is the very spot where
'Pagan Passions' was filmed!"*



LONG ISLAND NIGHTS

"Don't you simply adore the peasantry?"



“One must be so careful in writing a novel. I’ve stopped reading Dreiser. He was causing such havoc in my style.”

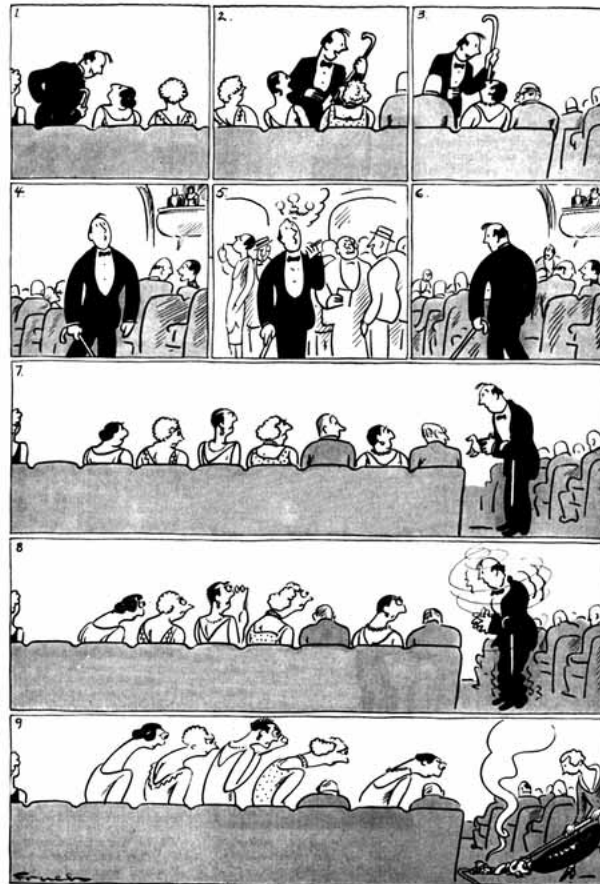


"Oh, mother, don't be silly!"

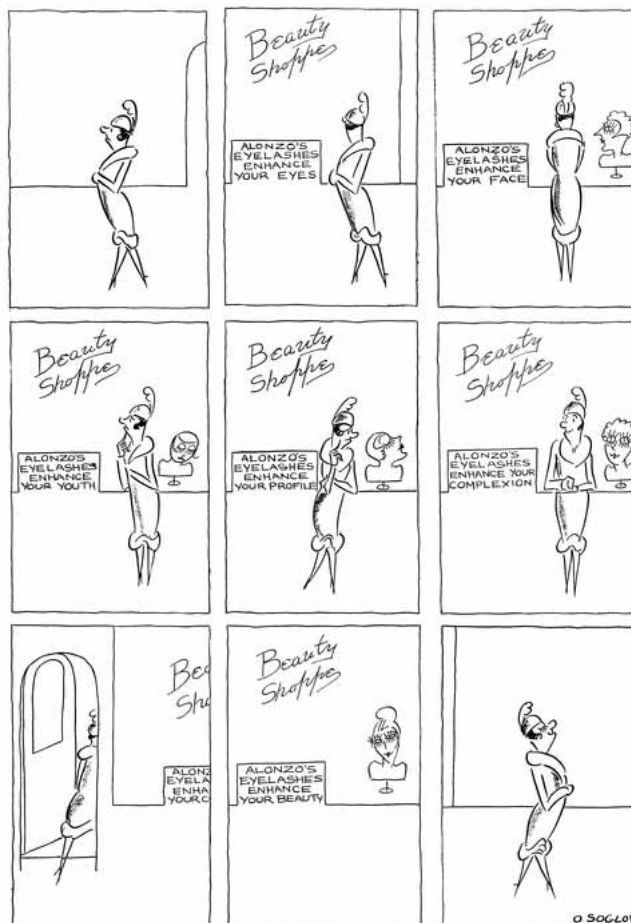


*"There! That janitor's ridin' in
the dumb-waiter again!"*

*"Move the pie a little closer, dearie,
and when 'e reaches for it—whoops!"*



IF LOOKS COULD KILL





“O-o, look, Daddy, a flower!”



Elwood, appraising the family legs, decides to borrow one of Aunt May's stockings to hang up Christmas Eve



"Now, I took ether three times. Well, some people like it and some people don't; but take me, for instance. I just love it."

"Yeh, I admire your taste."



“... and bring me some lady fingers, please.”



“How do you like Vassar, Annabelle?”

“Well, it’s just so juvenile and childish I’m almost passing out.”



"Now, what would you suggest for a Christmas dinner?"

(1 OF 8)



(2 OF 8)



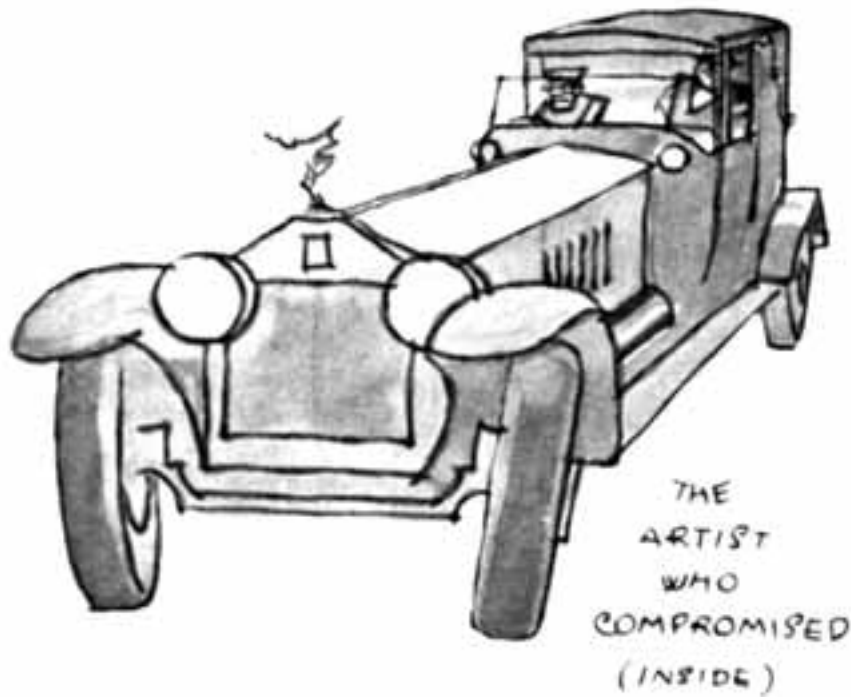
(3 OF 8)



(4 OF 8)



(5 OF 8)



(6 OF 8)



(7 OF 8)



(8 OF 8)





*“Eemagine! ‘Merry Christmas’ she says t’ me
—an’ I comes right back at ‘er, ‘Merry Christmas
yerself, an’ how ‘bout keepin’ yer blinkin’ canary
bird quiet of a mornin’ so gentlefolk kin get some
sleep!’ Whoops—y’ should o’ seen the comical
expression on ‘er face!”*



“Well, here we are in the country, my dear.”

“Why, how odd—there aren’t any leaves on the trees at all!”



[Return to Main Menu ►](#)



*"I couldn't get John here tonight—you know,
he detests these formal affairs."*